The Outlook

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The Democratic Presidential Candidate

JOHN WILLIAM DAVIS, nominee of the Democratic Party for President of the United States, is one of America's most distinguished public men.

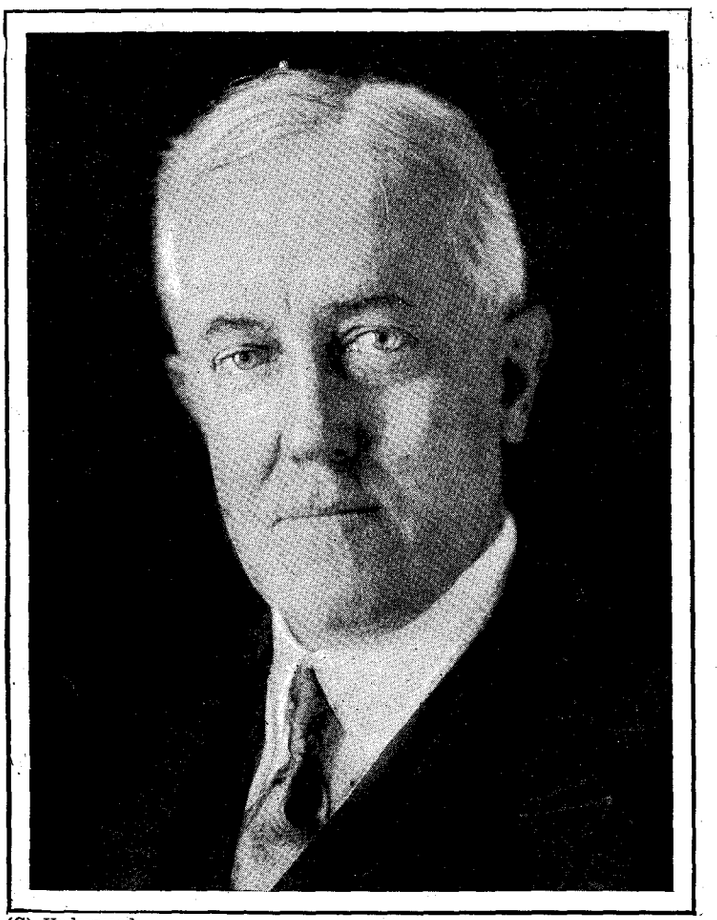
We cannot here give an estimate of him or anything like an adequate account of his career. We must postpone the comment that we should like to make until next week. The nomination came to him after the Democratic Convention in New York City had completed 102 ballots on Wednesday afternoon, July 9. In order to include a report of his nomination in this issue, we have stopped the press.

Gracious in manner, dignified in bearing, Mr. Davis has a personality befitting high office. The traits and tricks of the demagogue are quite foreign to him. He is not given to appealing to the emotions, nor does he commonly in public speech stimulate original thinking. He has rather the gift of commending himself to common sense and of making the ideals he holds seem reasonable.

In the factional struggle which has been rending his party he has taken no active part. He has the negative qualification of having escaped the animosities of both sides. On domestic policies he has not shown, and has probably had no occasion to show, qualities of leadership, but except for that fact there is no reason to believe that he lacks such qualities.

He is a strong advocate of the League of Nations, and his nomination does something to counteract the effect of the referendum plank which his party, in evident desire to avoid the League as an outstanding issue in the campaign, put into its platform. As Ambassador to Great Britain and before that as member of the American delegation for conference with Germans concerning prisoners of war, he has had practical experience in foreign affairs. As President of the English-Speaking Union he is a foremost advocate of good understanding between the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

His legal career has been distinguished, and his position in his profession has been recognized not only by his fellow-lawyers in this country but also by the English bar, for he is an Honorable Bencher of the Middle Temple. He devoted his legal talents to the public service as Solicitor-General of the United States from 1913 to 1918. Before that he was a member of Congress, in which he served as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee.



(C) Underwood

John William Davis

Some of the opposition to him as a Presidential candidate has been based on the assumption that any one who serves as attorney for corporations or financial interests, as Mr. Davis has done, is unfitted for public office—an assumption unsupported by reason or experience.

The Strategy of Obstruction

BY the selection of such a man as Mr. Davis as its candidate the Democratic Convention brought credit to the party and did as much as possible to restore the damage done by its fierce contention and tedious deadlock. For more than eight days of voting, each roll-call began with a wearisome reiteration of the booming phrase from the lips of the Chairman of the delegation from the State that stands at the head of the alphabetical list: "AL-A-BA-MA twen-ty-four votes for UN-DER-WOOD!" It was not only a deadlock between candidates. It was a deadlock of wet against dry, of delegations of big municipal bosses against the great unbossed, of North and East against West and South, of Democratic majority sections against Democratic minority sections, of native stock against the professional Something-Else-than-American, of the political influence of Catholics against the political influence of Protestants.

For practically an entire week delegates who believed that neither of the leading candidates should be nominated voted for McAdoo for the purpose of demonstrating conclusively that Smith

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could not be nominated. They ran McAdoo up within twenty votes of a majority—and brought him to a dead stop there. Many of them would have broken away comparatively early but for the fear that any large desertions from the McAdoo column would start a rush for Smith. Therefore the balloting went on with McAdoo far in the lead until, on Saturday night of the second week, there came the conference of candidates with the Chairman of the Convention and the Chairman of the National Committee.

By that time Smith had been definitely stopped. McAdoo, in the flush of a false dawn of victory, was forced into the rôle of obstructionist, refusing to join all the other candidates in releasing delegates from instructions. The result of Monday's balloting, the first day following the conference, showed the independents at their best. Having placed McAdoo where he was to insure the defeat of Smith, they consistently hammered him down until his vote fell below that of Smith, who already had practically conceded defeat. Both leaders were left for the time at least without enough votes to constitute a veto power. For the first time there was an apparent chance of making a nomination.

These delegates—the real middle-of-the-road men who were not in evidence at the beginning of the Convention—sincerely believed that they had saved the party. If the ticket finally nominated is defeated, they will still contend that the party is better off than it could have been with either McAdoo or Smith at its head.

Bell Wethers Wanted

THE Democratic National Convention of 1924 will go down in history as the nearest recorded approach to a leaderless political meeting. Not only was there utter absence of general leadership, but, with few exceptions, the State delegations were leaderless.

Not many machine managers of the old order are left—not more than two of the first magnitude, Taggart and Brennan. Through the greater part of the Convention these were unable to accomplish anything. If there had been efficacious bosses in the Convention, things more sinister might have been done, but the Convention would never have reached those dizzy heights of folly from which it came so perilously near dashing the party down to destruction.

Party government by bosses is a bad system, but, in order that there may be party government at all, there must be leaders, good or bad.

Very likely, the result of one convention not only bossless but leaderless will be a reorganization of Democratic Party machinery, possibly of the machinery of all parties in the United States.

The two-thirds rule and the unit rule survived the strain of the most intense crises in this bitterest of conventions. In fact, these two ancient rules showed remarkable vigor even in moments when the Convention seemed about to expire. As events showed, the abrogation of either or both of them would not necessarily have affected results. Throughout the deadlock no candidate received a majority of the votes.

Even during the furor of the Convention several measures other than change of rules were suggested for making Convention machinery more responsive to the steering wheel. A conference of the Chair with the candidates actually came as an innovation in convention methods. A resolution was introduced, though not actually called up for adoption, which would bring convention methods somewhat into harmony with Congressional methods of obtaining results by the work of committees reported to the main body for ratification. Perhaps the solution may be found somewhere along that line.

La Follette Nominates La Follette

THE Cleveland Convention on July 4 and 5 was a La Follette Convention and nothing else. Candidate and platform were acquiesced in rather than the one selected and the other framed. This unanimity or compliance, call it which you will, is amusingly described in a satirical paragraph in the New York "Evening Post:"

> Senator La Follette told the Cleveland conference that he was about to run for President and would submit his name, together with the names of duly qualified electors in every State of the Union. "Yes, Senator!" was the reply of the conference. He placed before the self-appointed delegates there the platform he wanted. "Yes, Senator!" was the conference answer. He let it be known that he preferred that the movement be not known as a third party. Again they bowed and "yessed" him. He intimated that it would be better to permit him to pick his own Vice-Presidential running mate. Once more they fervently agreed. The conference jumped sidewise at every whisper of its master's voice. Called to protest against the "dominated" parties, there never in political history has been a convention more thoroughly bossed than this. Every seat in Cleveland's Public Hall seems to have been filled by some congenital "yesser."

Immediately after this "Conference for Political Action" the Socialist Party held a National Conference at Cleveland and voted, 106 to 17, to indorse the La Follette candidacy and platform. This met the approval of Socialists as wide apart as Morris Hillquit on the one side and Victor Berger and Eugene Debs on the other. The Socialist Party has not recovered from the war-time break in its ranks and the public disapproval incurred through its unpatriotic attitude.

Mr. La Follette wills that there is to be no third party until after the election. There are two reasons for this: one is that the candidate is still nominally a Republican and controls the Republican organization in his State, Wisconsin; the other is that he hopes to assemble at the polls radicals of every tribe and stripe, and later, if he makes a good showing at the polls, to weld them into a third party. Thus he may condemn Red radicals and "lunatic fringes" and yet hope to have their votes.

A La Follette Electoral College ticket may be started by petition in all the States, or may be omitted when obviously useless. One thing La Follette left to others to do: he is willing that his National Committee shall hunt for a candidate for Vice-President.

The La Follette platform is not very bold, looked at as the handiwork of one who has denounced the major parties for pussyfooting and side-stepping. It says not a word about the Klan or prohibition. It is vague even in suggesting concrete remedies for the farmers' troubles. It shows a complete obsession as to the idea that all the capitalists are oppressing all the common people. Thus, it says that our Government is now "a foster-child of the special interests." That note runs through the whole platform; its author denounces the "small groups that dictate production," "the mighty power that enables a few to amass wealth at the expense of many," "the private monopoly system," "the iniquitous Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act," and so on, and calls on the common people to assert themselves and overthrow the old parties. The platform is an elaborate denunciation, not a plan of action.

Elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook will be found an account of the La Follette Convention from a special corre-

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The rest untold: Sir, lead the way

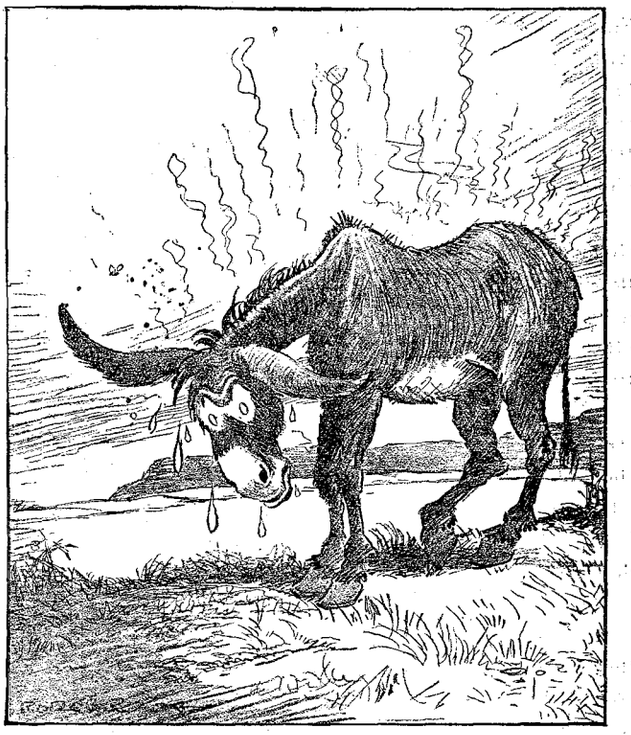
(Pericles, Act V, Scene 3)

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune

Rather strenuous training with the big bout only a few months off

From Mrs. A. W. Rogers, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Rodger in the San Francisco Bulletin



Gee, but I'm tired

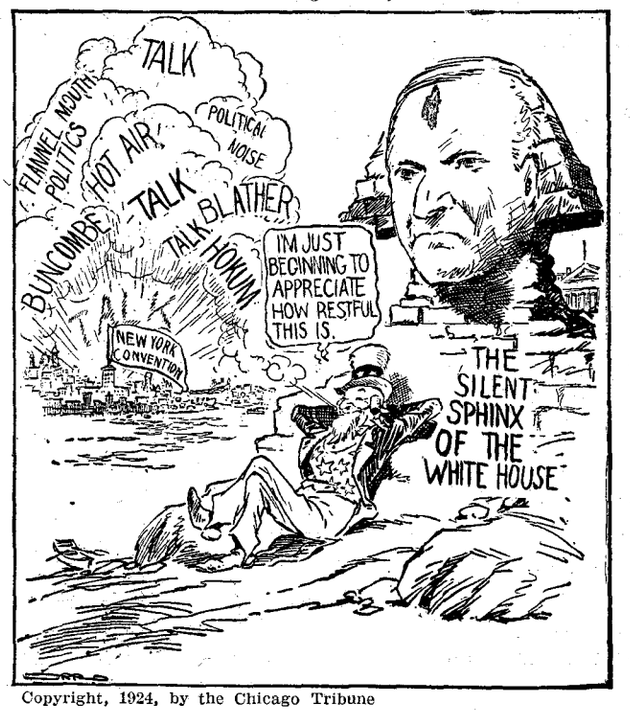
From John C. Christie, San Francisco, Cal.

Kirby in the New York World

Keep your eye on him

From Grace H. Jewell, Schenectady, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



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By way of comparison

From Mabel E. Gilpatrick, Plano, Ill.

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spondent, Mr. McAlister Coleman, and an editorial on its nominee.

Alvey Augustus Adee

AMERICA, perhaps the world, lost its greatest master of diplomatic technique when Alvey A. Adee died. He had been for fifty-four years continuously in the diplomatic service of the United States. For a few years he was in diplomatic posts abroad. For more than forty-five years he had been in the State Department in Washington, occupying the position of Assistant Secretary during the greater part of the time, and was the Department's recognized authority on diplomatic communication. In many a crisis, Secretaries of State and Presidents turned to Mr. Adee for the word or phrase that would express the exact shade of meaning necessary to be conveyed. His mastery of the courteous phraseology of international note writing may not have prevented wars, but certainly it many times prevented embarrassing situations and salved irritations.

Mr. Adee belonged to that old school of public servants who loved their work and did more of it than the regulations required. He was eighty-two years old when he died, twelve years past the age for retirement, but he continued in his position, invariably arriving at his office ahead of the official hour.

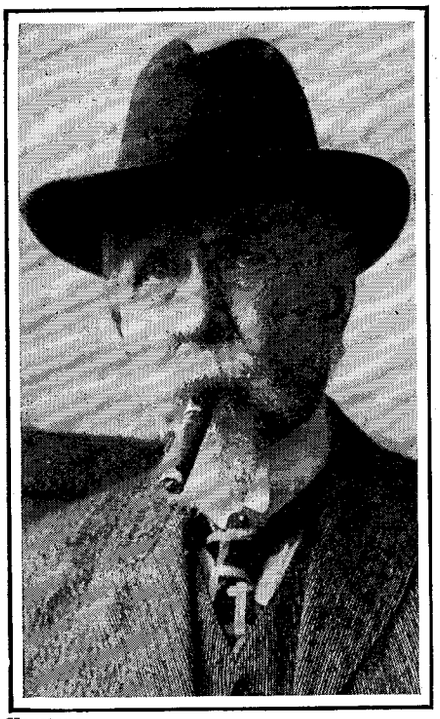
Mr. Adee held a belief that men grow old because of the sameness of their work. At least he advanced that theory in justification of having two professions of his own. He was an enthusiastic naturalist in certain lines and, out of office hours, made exhaustive scientific investigations. If he had not been indispensable to the Government, he would have made his mark as a biologist.

The First Object of Education

ON July 4 the annual Convention of the National Education Association came to an end, after six days of stimulating discussion. This great meeting of almost ten thousand teachers brought to Washington much less notoriety than New York has been receiving from its disheartening Convention. On the other hand, the potentialities and determinations of the educational Convention are likely to mean as much to the future welfare of America as anything likely to take place in Madison Square Garden, not to speak of the Public Hall at Cleveland.

It is notable that these chosen representatives of our vast army of teachers did not waste their time over the whims and sentimental experiments that too many enthusiasts mistake for educational systems. It can be said to the credit of our American teachers that, while very open to suggestions that mean real and solid advancement, and while keenly aware of the serious defects and needs of our schools, they are properly wary of fundamentally unsound policies, however attractively these may sometimes be garbed.

This particular Convention occupied itself with several important measures,



Keystone

Alvey A. Adee, for years the wheel-horse of the State Department

but the most sustained interest was focused upon the idea that the school should be primarily a place for character-training, in the broad sense of that term.

On June 29, the opening night, Dr. Edwin Starbuck, of the Iowa State University, placed this subject first among the aims of the public school. He meant, not that children should be put through classroom lessons in "morals," but that they should be taught how to meet every-day responsibilities and make decisions in matters of conduct with the aid of practical examples taken from actual happenings.

On July 4, at the close of the Convention, President Coolidge, leaving the bedside of his dying boy, brought out the same point. "A trained intelligence," said he, "can do much, but there is no substitute for morality, character, and religious convictions. . . . All of our learning, our science, our culture and our arts will be of little avail unless they are supported by high character."

We realize all this is true enough—one of those necessary and invaluable platitudes that deserve and need frequent repetition. But the President touched the fundamental point when he added that "the main factor of every school is the teacher."

The reason for this is familiar to all who have had experience in teaching any form of art, from cooking and golf to sculpture or painting or some form of musical performance. The pupil at the cook-stove or on the golf links or at the easel or with chisel and hammer or at the piano learns most surely by imitation. No number of words can take the place of watching an expert swing his club at the tee. No number of hours spent in learning the physiology of the throat can take the place of following the example of a singer who can produce a pure and expressive tone or a pianist who is master of the keyboard. Like any other art, the art of living can best be learned by imitation. Character is fundamentally the habit of making right decisions and putting them into effect. That is why no teaching in the classroom can be substituted for the teacher's own character and personality. That, too, is why the future of America rests largely upon the humble grade teacher.

Getting Around the World

WHILE the alarums and excursions of Conventions are dulling our ears, the American aviators are slowly but steadily making their way around the world. At this writing they have just reached Charbar, in Persia, after making repairs in Karachi, British India, where their machines were gone over and given new engines. One wonders how much of the original planes will come back to the United States. Certainly they have left a trail of used-up engines behind them.

Meanwhile A. Stuart MacLaren, the British aviator, has reached Kasumigaura, Japan, and in several days will continue his trip. As the Americans expect to leave Hull, England, for the United States on August 1, the Englishman has still time to make a close race of it, weather and the fates permitting.

Interesting as it is to make such a world circuit, it is certain that no globe-circling records will be broken. Magel-

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lan, to be sure, took three years to do it, and Phileas Fogg, according to Jules Verne, brought this down to eighty days. But John Henry Mears, of the New York "Sun," actually accomplished the feat in a little less than thirty-six days. His record seems safe for the present.

The Wimbledon Tennis Championships

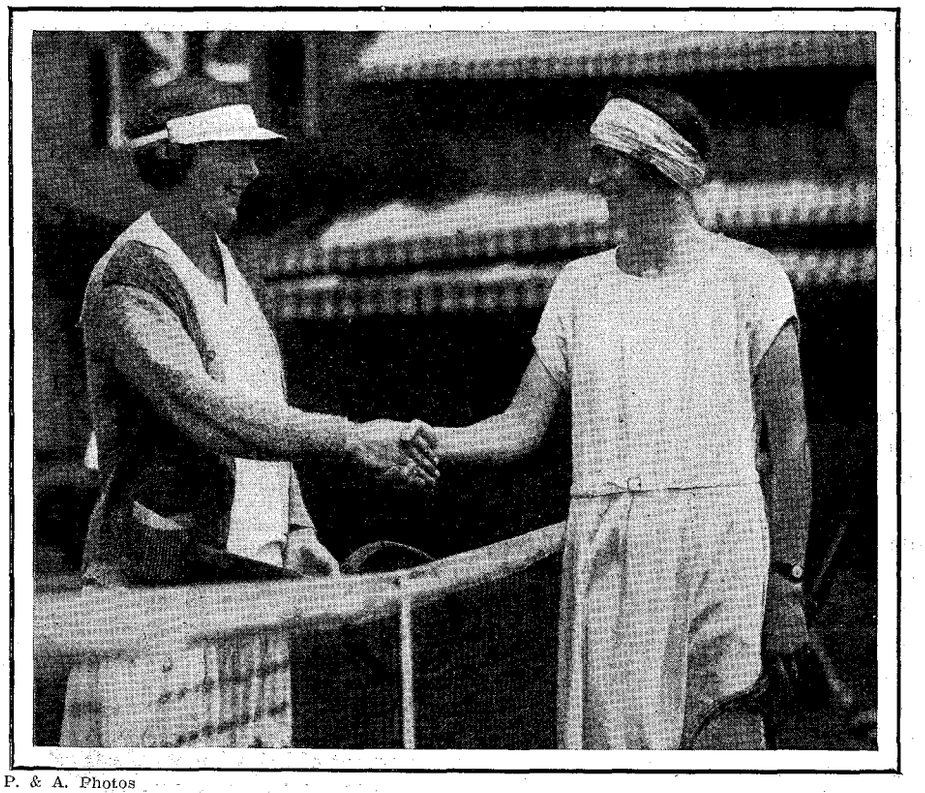
Of the five Wimbledon matches the Americans won two, the women's and the men's doubles. This is not bad when one considers the handicap of playing far from home—a factor that seems to have a similar effect when players from abroad visit the United States.

The French carried off the honors in the men's singles. René La Coste defeated R. Norris Williams 2d, thus eliminating the only surviving American. The errors of Williams made this match much less impressive than that of the other Frenchman, Jean Borotra, with Louis Raymond, of South Africa. Borotra's victory over Raymond came after he had administered a smashing defeat to Vincent Richards. The coming to the fore of these exceedingly able young Frenchmen speaks well for the development of an interest in athletics in France after the war.

Miss Kathleen McKane, the British woman's champion, defeated the American Helen Wills only after the most severe kind of struggle. At first the match seemed safely in Miss Wills's hands, for she won the first set and was leading the second at 4 to 1 when Miss McKane began her up-hill fight to victory. Contrary to her doctor's orders, Suzanne Lenglen was present, sitting among the spectators, and saw pass away the title she has held since the war. Besides winning the women's singles, Britain also captured the mixed doubles, the finals of which were all-British.

In the women's doubles Miss Wills and Mrs. George W. Wightman defeated Miss McKane and Mrs. Phyllis Covell handily with a score of 6-4, 6-4. The men's doubles were all-American, Vincent Richards and Francis Hunter overcoming R. Norris Williams 2d and Watson M. Washburn after a long and grueling match.

All in all, the Americans gave a good account of themselves, and should give a good account of themselves at the Olympics.



P. & A. Photos

Helen Wills, American tennis champion (left), who lost to Kathleen McKane (right), the English star, in the match at Wimbledon, England. The photograph was taken during the international matches on this side of the water last year

The Giant and the Pygmy

It is not a marvel that in the results of the Olympic contests to date America should stand very high. It would be a marvel if so enormous a population, with so intense an interest in athletics and physical training, did not produce a large number of very able athletes. The extraordinary thing is that though, to date, we stand first, with a score of 55½ points, little Finland, with a little over 3,000,000 population, stands second, with a score of 47, the next nearest being Sweden, with 15 points. It is no new thing, however, for Finland to stand very high in track sports. Perhaps the Finns' long struggle for bare existence between the upper and nether millstones of Russia and Sweden has made for the survival of the very fit. Theirs is a most creditable showing.

The outstanding victories, from our standpoint, are the winning of the high jump, with 6 feet 6 inches, by Harold Osborne, who nearly broke the world's record; the 400-meter hurdles, by F. Morgan Taylor, in the world's record of 52 3/5 seconds; and the world's record broad jump, 25 feet 6 inches, in the pentathlon, by Robert Le Gendre.

The surprise of the contests thus far was the defeat of such sprinters as Jackson V. Scholz, Charley Paddock, Chester Bowman, and Loren Murchison by Harold M. Abrahams, of Cambridge University, who won the 100-meter race in the Olympic time of 10 3/5 seconds, winning by three yards over Scholz.

With such a promising beginning, the present Paris Olympics should prove to be a great success, not only in the establishment of new athletic records, but in the international interest and friendships developed there.

What the Japanese Do Not Understand

Cable despatches from Japan indicate very clearly that George Marvin's special correspondence from Tokyo which has been published in The Outlook has not exaggerated in any way the feeling in Japan which was aroused by the passage of the Immigration Law. Both houses of the Japanese Diet have passed strong resolutions upholding the protest of the Japanese Government, and, even more significant than this, popular demonstrations have reached a high pitch of intensity. Patriotic Japanese societies have urged that July 1, the date of the passage of the Immigration Law, be remembered as a day of national humiliation. There seems to be every evidence that the Japanese Government, the press, and the people are striving to prevent

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this resentment from reacting to the detriment of individual Americans in Japan.

It is certainly unfortunate that the real motive behind the Immigration Law is so little understood in Japan. We believe that the policy of excluding Orientals from the United States is entirely compatible with the highest degree of respect and regard for the Japanese people and for Japanese culture. It is not a question of superiority or inferiority of either our civilization or theirs. The policy of Oriental exclusion has been decided upon solely because without it our own complex problems of National development would become almost insoluble.

The situation in which the United States finds itself is, it is granted, extremely difficult for a homogeneous and united people like the Japanese to comprehend.

The End of an American Occupation

JULY 12 is the date of the inauguration of the first constitutional President the Dominican Republic has enjoyed for almost eight years. That date also marks the end of the period of military occupation of the country by United States Marines.

The United States, despite certain harmful reports to the contrary, never intended to keep the American flag in that little Republic any more than it intended to keep the flag in Cuba when the military occupation began there after the Spanish-American War. Recently this Government also announced its purpose to withdraw from Nicaragua the legation guard of one hundred Marines which has been stationed there for some years past. This withdrawal will take place, it was stated, after the elections and the installation of the new constitutional Government on January 1 next. Similarly, the Marines will be withdrawn from Haiti when conditions warrant.

Under American guidance and with the friendly co-operation of officials from the United States, the people of the Dominican Republic have now set up a constitutional Government and have reached a stage of stability and economic development which, it is believed, fully guarantees the removal of military control. The officials of this Government are satisfied that the Dominican Republic is well started on the right road and that she will continue to maintain the political and financial responsibility with which she has been intrusted. Conditions have been peaceful there for several years past; the brigandage of the old days seems to have been entirely wiped out, and the people are happy and enjoying a considerable degree of prosperity.

The new President of the Republic, General Horacio Vasquez, who recently started back to Santo Domingo after a brief visit to the United States, spoke while here of the programme which he hopes to carry out after he assumes the office of Chief Executive. This programme includes the maintenance of order; the making of justice easy, so that all may have their rights protected and preserved; the encouragement of agriculture, particularly of winter fruits which will find a ready market in the United States; the continued improvement of the roads system of the country; and the development of irrigation.

The Dominican Republic has been assured of the continued aid of the United States in any way which will be helpful to the maintenance of its peace and prosperity.

The evacuation of the American military forces from the Republic will be most helpful, it is believed, to the prestige of the United States throughout Latin America. In some of the countries of South and Central America there has been much suspicion as to the motives of the United States and a belief has prevailed in certain quarters there, fanned by the false reports of some agitators, that the aims of this Government towards some of the smaller republics of America in the Caribbean region were of a militaristic character, and that the United States would not withdraw the military forces which she had established there.

Announcement of the plan of evacuation in the Dominican Republic, it is stated on reliable authority, has been of a most helpful character in dispelling some of the illusions which have prevailed in some parts of Latin America as to the ultimate aims and purposes of the United States, which were believed to be of a selfish nature.

Uncle Sam—Arbiter

THE United States is being called on with increasing frequency to assume the rôle of arbiter in disputes between other nations. This applies particularly to the republics of the American continent.

The latest of these controversies in which it has been decided to ask the President of the United States to act as arbitrator is the century-old boundary question between Peru and Ecuador. These two South American Governments agreed, in a protocol signed in Quito a few days ago by their respective plenipotentiaries, to send delegates to Washington to start direct negotiations on this controverted problem and then to invite the President of the United States to arbitrate the points on which they cannot reach a direct agreement.

The importance of this decision lies in the fact that it is the third boundary case between Pan-American countries in which the Chief Executive of this Nation within the past two years has been called on to use his good offices to settle long-pending differences. The President now has before him the historic Tacna-Arica territorial dispute between Chile and Peru, resulting from their war of 1879-83. The arguments of both parties are in his hands, and his decision is expected in the near future. Last year two of the Central American countries, Guatemala and Honduras, agreed to submit their boundary controversy to his arbitration; and the formal arbitral proceedings will be started probably in the near future.

Now come Peru and Ecuador with what is practically the last boundary dispute on the Western Hemisphere. All of the others, with one exception, are on the road to settlement. The significance of this fact to the peace and welfare of the American continent can scarcely be overemphasized. It is particularly pleasing to note the growing confidence which the other republics of the American group seem to be placing in the justice and in the fairness of the United States as arbitrator in their vexing international difficulties.

With the settlement of the Tacna-Arica problem between Chile and Peru and of the Peruvian-Ecuadorean boundary, there will remain only one unsolved territorial question in South America. That is the question of the line between Bolivia and Paraguay. The ancient disputes, inherited from the days when the republics of this continent were still under Spanish control, will within the next few years, it seems, be a thing of the past.

Of all these disputes, that between

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Keystone

The meeting of the Premiers at Chequers—Herriot of France (left) and MacDonald of Britain (right) in their final chat on Cymbeline Mount, one of the beauty spots in the Chilterns

Peru and Ecuador is one of the most complicated, going back to the days of the vice-royalties and captaincies-general and intendencias and other subdivisions which Spain had made for military and other purposes in the administration of her vast American provinces. Owing to the then unexplored nature of much of the territory and to the shifts which were made in the transfer of large areas from one administrative branch of provincial government to another by their common Spanish ruler, the complications as to boundary-lines in South America were multitudinous after the various sections there gained their independence and set themselves up as republics a little more than a hundred years ago.

The date for the holding in Washington of the conference between the delegates of Peru and Ecuador has not yet been fixed, and cannot be for the present, as it has been announced to take place after the Tacna-Arica case is settled. It will, however, add another to the series of historic meetings of a peace-making character which have been held in the capital of the United States within the past few years.

Britain and France

NECESSITY has been pulling France and Great Britain together. If the Dawes report, to which both have agreed, is to be put in operation, the two chief allies in Europe must work as partners. Outwardly the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the Premier of France seem to be in general accord. After an informal meeting of the two at Chequers, the country residence of the British Prime Minister, late in June, each informed his countrymen of the delightful accord he reached with the other. The statements, however, have been in most general terms. In both countries, on the other hand, there has been a suspicion that the agreement was by no means perfect.

In the first place, M. Herriot has found himself in somewhat of a predicament.

He has found it essential to uphold the occupation of the Ruhr. If he had depended on his own supporters, he would have been turned out of office; but by grace of the supporters of the former Premier, Poincaré, he managed to retain a majority behind him in the Chamber—a very different majority from that which put him in power. The British Prime Minister has apparently acquiesced in the occupation of the Ruhr as a successful accomplishment not to be repudiated without some substitute guaranty; but, as this is a total reversal of the former British attitude, something had to be done to save the face of the British Government. In consequence it seems to be understood that by the advent of Herriot the Ruhr occupation has become consecrated. Meantime the British are not at all happy at the thought that any default of Germany in the administration of the Dawes plan might be subject to the jurisdiction of the Reparation Commission. Sir John Bradbury has been almost uniformly at odds with the French and out of sympathy with the Commission. As soon, however, as it became evident that MacDonald wanted the Reparation Commission's power limited, French sentiment was aroused. In a speech in Parliament Mr. MacDonald explained that he did not want to take away any power which the Reparation Commission had under the Treaty of Versailles. All that he has done, he says, is to raise the question whether the Dawes plan did not put new obligations upon Germany, and therefore how the nations were "going to agree to the authority that is going to declare the default as defined and provided for by the experts' report, and that alone."

All this shows that the vital interests of the two countries have not been in the least changed by the change in party control, respectively, at London and Paris. Great Britain still finds it advantageous to promote trade and thinks that it had better do so even at the cost of letting Germany off as easily as possible; France, on the other hand, is interested primarily in security, and secondly in a restoration of her devastated lands at the cost of the people who did the devastation, and is therefore interested in holding Germany to full account. The advantage which France has gained through Poincaré's course as Premier it is not

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likely that Herriot will be allowed to sacrifice.

Kentucky's Significant History

KENTUCKIANS like to date the beginnings of their State as an abode of white men from the building of the little fort at Harrodsburg a hundred and fifty years ago. The surveyors and woodsmen of Lord Dunmore were driven back temporarily by the Indians, but Daniel Boone returned next year and planted his door-posts to stay. There have been American residents in Kentucky ever since.

The celebration held at Harrodsburg on June 16 commemorated an event that brought not one alone but many stars into the National cluster. The expedition of Harrod was the first move of the big push westward from the Alleghanies that was to go on for a century and more, till it filled the broad central valley with a population numbering almost the half of our total.

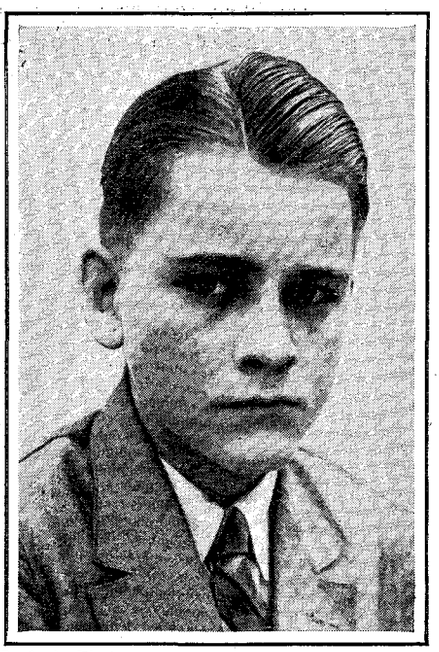
When Boone and his fifty companions withstood the attack of the bands of Canadians and Indians in 1779, they fought in their small but earnest way a decisive battle that gave the Middle West to the United States. At the time they supposed that they fought for their own hand. It was not till twelve years later that Kentucky definitely entered the Union. For a time it seemed that she might emulate Vermont and become an independent republic.

Kentucky remained a border State, in a political sense, during the conflict between North and South and preserved the stirring border spirit. She gave but a single son to the Presidency, but that one, Lincoln, possessed such gifts of character as perhaps no other part of the land could have bred. The birthplace of Lincoln and the land of Boone have a historic interest for all Americans, and the anniversary just past will help them to realize how strong that interest is.

A House of Sorrow

THE shadow of grief on the White House is one that falls each year on thousands of devoted homes. Deeper perhaps than any other is that sense of loss that comes when youth goes out into the silence with all high hopes, great resolves, and dauntless dreams unfledged.

The grief that has come to Calvin Coolidge and his wife is one that is common to humanity. It is understandable



P. & A. Photos

The late Calvin Coolidge, Jr., son of the President

by those who have committed the bodies of their children to the earth, by those whose measure of such a grief is their love for living children, yes, even by those "who have no child to die."

To-day there is no President in the White House, no First Lady of the land —there is a father and a mother. The White House is no longer the mansion of the ruler of a great nation, it is one of America's stricken homes. And the homes of America and the home of the Nation's chief are drawn together in a common bond of new understanding. The high place has become a hearthstone common to us all. May the communion born of this grief endure.

La Follette

AS an independent Presidential candidate, Senator La Follette is going to voice the discontent of groups and sections of the country. His leadership has always been temperamental, particular, and provincial. His voice has always been that of one crying in the wilderness. He seems always to be most at home in the cave of Adullam. He is ideal as a leader of a revolt. His chief function since he has entered the arena of National politics has been to protest.

The account of the Convention of July 4 and 5 at Cleveland which appears in this issue comes from one who is sympathetic with Mr. La Follette's undertaking. Though we do not believe that Mr. La Follette's programme as a whole is either expedient for the country or based on sound principles, it is important that American citizens should understand what Mr. La Follette is attempting to do and should be able to look at his undertaking from the point of view of those who support him. Opposition to Mr. La Follette is idle on the part of those who do not know what they are opposing, and support of Mr. La Follette on the part of those who do not know what they are supporting is foolish.

Mr. La Follette will certainly carry his own State, Wisconsin, and almost certainly carry some others in the Northwest. He has controlled a balance of power in Congress, and may conceivably force the election of the President and Vice-President into the House and Senate, respectively. The situation, therefore, suits precisely the sort of leadership which to him is most congenial and places him in a position of power which he otherwise would be unable to attain. Blind support of Mr. La Follette and blind hostility to him are equally unreasonable. It is important for those who support him to recognize his limitations and those who oppose him to recognize his powers.

From the beginning Mr. La Follette has thrived under denunciation. He entered politics at a time when Wisconsin was under reactionary control. In those early days of his career he mastered the art of political management. He was not a mere theorist. He built up an organization. At the same time, he overturned the organization that had been under the control of the stalwart old-time Republicans. His service to the State of Wisconsin in freeing it from the predominance of special interests cannot be questioned. He was more, however, than a mere rebel. He had certain definite theories which he believed capable of practical application. He was a pioneer in establishing the principle of State control of public utilities. His record shows that he is far from being a mere obstructionist, and further still from being a mere destroyer. Even his most implacable political enemies must acknowledge that the Republican Party under his guidance did a work of reconstruction in Wisconsin. They may not like the new structure, but, whether or not they like it, there it stands, and it has been imitated in other States.

Mr. La Follette's power, however, does not rest merely on his early record. It rests on his capacity for a certain kind of leadership. In these days when leadership of any kind seems to be scarce, Mr. La Follette's kind of leadership profits by

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comparison. In what he undertakes to do he does not spare himself. More than once he has had to retire from the fight because he had impaired his health and his physical resources by overwork. A man who gives himself to a cause in that fashion can always get followers; and some of Mr. La Follette's followers have certainly been devoted and enduring. More than that, Mr. La Follette has gone to the people himself with his theories and plans. He has not been content with the vague generalizations that have too often served as material for political appeals. His actions imply at least belief in the capacity of the people he has addressed to understand the problems which he has discussed with them. He has paid his hearers the compliment of appealing to their intelligence. He has been fiery in debate, as his sobriquet "Battle Bob" indicates, but he has never substituted mere rhetoric for argument. Mr. La Follette's following has therefore been not so much a body of friends who like him for his own sake as a body of disciples who have become persuaded of his doctrines.

His power of securing a convinced following is due in part at least to the faculty that Mr. La Follette has of mastering a subject to which he devotes study. In the early days in Wisconsin he was not merely a remonstrant against evils, but was a student of conditions. He probably knew as much as any one of the essential facts in the management and operation of public utilities so far as they concerned the public. To-day there is no one in this country who knows more about the railway problem than he does. He does not speak out of mere passion or feeling. He speaks out of knowledge. And, what is more, he has his facts at command. Those who oppose his theories concerning the railways have learned that they make no headway against him by mere condemnation of his conclusions. They have had to get at the facts themselves in order to fight facts with facts. Republicans and Democrats alike who are concerned with Mr. La Follette's position in the present campaign will have to fortify themselves with a knowledge of the subjects on which he speaks if they are going to meet him on his own ground.

Mr. La Follette's weakness is not the weakness of the ordinary politician. It is not the weakness of ignorance or pretense. It is the weakness of his temperament, his habits of thought, and his type of mind. He has never been, and it does not seem likely that he ever will be, a leader that appeals to the whole Nation. Roosevelt thought as the people in the West, the South, the North, and the East thought, and the language that he used was natural to the expression of those ideals. Wilson had feelings concerning great questions that appealed to the common emotion of the country, and his language was appropriate to those common feelings. Mr. La Follette, on the other hand, does not think Nationally. He thinks in terms of classes, of groups, of sections. The causes that he espouses are grievances of a part of the population against the rest. He does not understand the art of appealing to the whole Nation, because the concerns of the whole Nation seem never to be in his mind. He seemed to be able to compass the concerns of the State when he was in Wisconsin, but he has never been able to understand the interests of the whole Nation. At least, if he understands them, he has never made them vocal. This fact leads him to overemphasize minor issues. It leads him to confuse conveniences in the machinery of government with principles of right and justice. It has led him at times to put in first place things that ought to be subordinated and to forget things that ought to be supreme. It probably accounts in part at least for his deplorable course during the war. It made him unable or unwilling to understand the nature of the conflict into which Germany and Austria had plunged the world. It has prevented him from seeing life in perspective and it has debarred him forever from the company of those, distinguished and obscure alike, who served their country greatly in the time of her greatest emergency.

La Follette's weakness renders him incapable of being the National leader that the Nation is looking for. There are certain great areas of National concern to which the mind of a man like Senator La Follette is alien. He may hold together groups of interests by a common bond of allegiance to himself because he has voiced their grievances, but he cannot arouse the whole country to a common ideal or bind it together by a common purpose.

Struggling for the Presidency

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

A SPECIAL correspondent of the New York "Tribune," describing the Democratic Convention for that journal, makes the following comment:

> If John W. Davis receives the nomination from this Convention, it will be because he did not try to get it; and if Alfred E. Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo lose it, it will be because they wished it so ardently that they wished themselves clean out of the race.
>
> This, of course, is contrary to reason, good sense, and logic, and is crass foolishness. Most of politics seems to us to be just like that.

I take an exception. This is not contrary to reason because it is not contrary to history, and the course of history in the main follows the laws of reason. The reason why men of overweening ambition who actually do yield or, at any rate, who appear to yield everything to the achievement of that ambition are finally repudiated is because it seems to be an instinct of the human race to require sincerity, service, and self-sacrifice in its leaders. The man in political life who is actuated by self-interest may temporarily succeed, but he almost inevitably ultimately fails. William the Silent sought to evade power, but he became the creator of the Dutch Republic, and democracy has accepted him as one of its heroes. Napoleon sought power and glory, and for a while obtained them, and the world has repudiated him as an exemplar of human leadership.

The same law seems to operate in the choice of American Presidents. Few politicians have had a more brilliant intellect than Aaron Burr. His unscrupulous struggle for the Presidency led to his downfall and alienated his supporters, and he died in obscurity and disgrace.

Henry Clay had a personality almost as magnetic as Roosevelt, and was passionately admired by his followers. He was a master politician, and, although he was the author of the saying that he would rather be right than President, the failure to reach the Presidency embittered him, and there is too much ground for the belief that his course on some political issues was dictated with his eye on the great prize. He may fairly be placed in the group of those who have

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lost the Presidency because they so eagerly sought it. One of the most amusing of Thomas B. Reed's witticisms, by the way, was occasioned by a quotation of Clay's famous dictum about the Presidency on the floor of Congress. One day when Reed was Speaker an obscure and insignificant member of the House, who was arguing for a bill which Reed did not approve of, said, grandiloquently: "Mr. Speaker, I would rather be right than President." Reed, in his driest tones, replied: "The gentleman from So-and-So need have no anxiety, he will never be either."

Daniel Webster had one of the greatest intellects of modern times. As a Constitutional lawyer, as a Senator, as a Secretary of State, he is a figure which dwarfs almost out of sight some of the badly educated persons who play a prominent part in American politics today. Webster was quite justified in his desire to be President of the United States. He knew his own capacity. But he pursued the wrong method. It is the general verdict, although some of his admirers still deny it, that he compromised with his convictions in order to obtain the Presidency. Webster may fairly be placed among those who sought and failed.

James G. Blaine was also a man of intellectual attainments and power, but he eagerly sought the Presidency—and failed.

W. J. Bryan was perhaps as surprised as any one when he was nominated in 1896 by the Democratic Party. He was chosen because of an eloquent speech in the Convention, and perhaps because of a single phrase in that speech, but, having tasted the joys of Presidential prominence, he has devoted himself ever since to seeking the Presidency, and, although nominated, has never reached the goal.

Stephen A. Douglas, with a much better trained and abler mind than Bryan, pursued the Presidency with every maneuver at his command, and saw his contemporary and opponent, Abraham Lincoln, who made no effort and thought himself incompetent for the high office, win the prize.

Since Lincoln's day those men who have reached the White House have done it because they were supported by their friends and their country, and not because they made an organized pre-nomination campaign. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Cleveland, Harrison, Cleveland again, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge never swung around the circle making speeches and appealing for delegates in their own behalf previous to the Conventions which chose them. Indeed, if Roosevelt and Coolidge had been seeking the Presidency in the spirit in which it has been sought by more shrewd, but less wise, politicians, they never would have accepted a Vice-Presidential nomination.

It might be well to paraphrase one of the Scriptural parables and hang it up as a model for political conventions, to this effect: Whatsoever politician hath sincerity, to him shall be given the votes and he shall have delegates in abundance; but whosoever hath not sincerity, from him shall be taken away even the delegates that he hath.

Fear and Prejudice in Deadlock

Special Correspondence from the Democratic National Convention

By STANLEY FROST

THE Democratic delegates who came to New York to nominate a man who might lead them to victory over Coolidge and the Republicans have stayed through the second sweltering week for the sole purpose of destroying each other! The hope of party victory is forgotten and indeed it is almost dead; a victory of faction has become the only objective, and there is now little enough chance even of that. The Convention has become a nightmare struggle in which any victory must be hollow, where none can win much and all must lose greatly.

Nothing but passion can explain the spectacle of the second week of the Democratic National Convention, and it can be interpreted by no other key; passion inflamed till reason is dead and consequences are of no importance, till all intelligence is fixed on a stubborn and ruthless battle to exhaustion. Fears, resentments, distrusts, prejudices or convictions and raw hatreds, with a few faint hopes—almost all only faintly justified—these are the things that actually make up the deadlock. America has not seen such emotions unleashed since the fury of 1860 which brought the Civil War; nothing that we felt during the World War compares more than weakly with this.

The Rebirth of an Ancient Conflict

IT is the religious issue that has caused it all, the one issue that can never be compromised, that has caused so vast a record of strife and misery, and that we in America believed we had learned to let sleep. Though it has carefully been kept off the floor of the Convention, it is behind every move made, every speech delivered, in the assembly. The lines are not absolute, to be sure. There are both Protestants and Catholics in both factions, some from conviction against the Klan or a desire, now frustrated, to prevent the issue from arising, and others because of compelling local circumstances. Nor is it true that every delegate has been affected. Many have kept their heads and made a strong if futile fight for peace and sanity. But, on the whole and with the bulk of the delegates, the religious issue has become so overwhelming that there can be no doubt that it dominates the entire struggle. As was told last week, the wets were the first leaders in the fight against the Klan, and the wet and dry struggle is involved in the present alignment, but it is religion that comes first with most.

It must be remembered, too, that various tactical situations have prevented a really accurate division of the Convention. In many delegations the unit rule has held men against their will for Smith or McAdoo, chiefly for the latter. In many cases the situation at home is such as to control a delegate's vote, unless his convictions are such that he is willing to risk political suicide. Tammany, of course, could be nothing but pro-Catholic if it wished; and no man from any part of the State who has the least political ambition can afford to break with it. Brennan from Illinois is quite possibly controlled not so much by religious convictions as by his wet views, the alien and Catholic character of so much of his constituency, and certain hopes of a big block of Negro votes which have been held out to him.

The same thing is true on the other

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side. In the West and Southwest the man who dares stand for Smith and the Catholic faction can have little hope for the future. Already there is talk that Underwood will be driven from politics. Delegates who have voted against McAdoo have defied threats and risked vengeance. It is even likely that some of the Catholics in the McAdoo crowd are not unmindful of the Klan power in the States where they live and must seek political favor.

The fact that the delegations behind the favorite sons have remained on the sidelines does not mean that they are unaffected by the bitterness of the struggle. Many of them are seething with it, but there are reasons why they should delay entering the fight. In the first place, there has as yet (up to Tuesday afternoon) been no time when their entrance would have affected the result. Each faction has held a power stronger than could have been defeated even if all the rest of the Convention combined against it. In the second place, the leaders with whom the various delegations sympathize have held them out as a kind of reserve, which *might* some time give a chance of victory.

Perhaps more important is the fact that in such a situation there is always at least a faint hope that any particular favorite son may eventually be chosen as a compromise candidate, and there is a tactical advantage in having even a few votes when the time for compromise comes. Fourth, it is possible that some of them are waiting till there is some candidate who seems likely enough to win so that his promises of political favor in return for support will have some value. So far nobody can promise anything.

The Klan Started It

THE blame for the rancor and bitterness, for the very real danger that the party may destroy itself and the strong probability that it has already destroyed any chance of victory, undoubtedly goes in the first instance to the Ku Klux Klan. It was the Klan that raised the religious issue, drew a line on a religious basis, and then went into politics. The Klansmen whom I have accused of this reply with some show of truth that the Knights of Columbus and the Jewish Kehilah were already in politics, but this does not answer the charge, for no matter how active these bodies were, the religious issue had not been raised. The Klan raised it, and thereby released prejudices, fears, and hatreds which had been sleeping for nearly a century. There is not the least doubt that Catholics and Jews were genuinely alarmed not only for their political equality in this country, but in some cases even for their religious liberty. It is not hard for Jews recently escaped from the pogroms of southeastern Europe to fear persecutions anywhere.

"We simply do not dare allow the Klan to get control of the party and perhaps of the country," one of the Smith workers told me. "We are literally fighting for our right to live; for everything that makes life worth while and that America has always stood for. The least that the Klan demands is to bar us from office, and that is enough. It is sheer nonsense to say that a race or a religion whose members are barred from office has equality. We could have no effect on legislation—and the Klan is already trying to destroy our schools through legislation. We could not even be asured of justice in courts which were always under control of men who hated us.

"But that is the minimum danger. It would probably be far worse. The Klan leaders are narrow, fanatical, ignorant. They cannot be trusted. They are likely to increase their attacks on us, to attempt further limitations of our liberties and infringements of our rights, if they begin to have power. They are cultivating prejudice, and even if they wished would hardly be able to restrain the passion against us they have aroused. Finally, quite apart from our own danger, they are unfit to run the country, and in spite of the best intentions of which they are capable are sure to do incalculable damage through sheer idiocy.

"You see, I say nothing about the Constitution, about fair play, or about the tolerance for which America is supposed to stand. You Protestant Americans ought to protect them. The fact is that we are in danger. We simply have to fight."

It was in something of this spirit that the Catholics and Jews rallied to oppose the Klan and drive it out of the party. It is this spirit that has animated many of the delegates personally and is dictating the actions of others. It is this that has brought the unusual spectacle of priests drifting about among the political workers in the hotel lobbies. It includes fear, resentment, and a growing hatred. And it is this which finally forced the fight into the open and has brought the rancor to so high a pitch. The Klan had no intention of doing that; its leaders tried in every way to avoid the public conflict and to keep the issue out of politics. Their desire was to be let alone.

"We have recognized since early in the campaign the great danger to both the party and the country if religion became a political issue," one of the Klan leaders explained. "We have not made it an issue. We are ready at this moment to support Catholics who do not take their religion into politics with them, and I personally expect to support one such man. We have made no effort to drive the Catholics out of the party; we have expressly told the leaders in the States where the Catholic vote is strong that they would have full recognition. It is the Catholics who are wholly to blame for the present situation—the Catholics inspired and driven by the bootleggers.

"It is silly to say that the Catholics are in any danger from us, though the bootleggers are. We do not wish to curtail their liberty in any way. Nor do we want to dominate the Democratic Party, or the Republican Party either. We merely want to make sure that both parties nominate patriotic Americans.

"But we do not intend to let the Catholic and Jewish leaders run the party or the country. They have been doing it for years, and one advantage that has come out of this is that we have at last made them come out into the open. The whole country has seen the Catholic Church, with priests in plain sight around the Convention, trying to control American politics. Now for the first time they are in danger of being reduced to a power no greater than their actual numbers entitle them to, and of having the Church driven entirely out of political control. It is no wonder they are fighting, but what they fear is not persecution but justice. And we will fight to the bitter end to save the party from them."

Dissenters Within the Klan Kamp

THIS statement is entirely true as to the attitude of the National leaders of the Klan, I believe, but it is not true of some of the local chiefs. Those especially from the Southwest were quite willing to have an open fight, and they want a good deal more than merely to see that able and patriotic men are nominated. They have a big vote behind them, and they have been unable to resist the temptation for political power and loot. They made very little secret of these things, and their attitude has contributed greatly to the tension and bitterness. They did not exactly force the fight into the open, but they went a full half-way to meet it.

The result of this attitude on both sides has been that this has been a convention of oppositions and resentments, instead of loyalties or constructive purpose. Neither the Klan nor the Catholics had any other programme than to beat the other. There was no particular loyalty to the candidates—a handful on either side were devoted to Smith and McAdoo personally, to be sure, but the great bulk of the strength of each

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was held merely because that seemed the best way of beating the other. The candidates are, really, symbols rather than persons to most of the men voting for them. Either group would have fallen apart as soon as it became clear that the other had been finally defeated.

Another result has been to develop a stubbornness which has resisted far more pressure than was ever before applied to a political convention in America. This stubbornness went beyond the leaders themselves. The delegates were largely out of hand, refused compromises which the leaders urged, and in some cases attempts of the leaders to "deliver" their delegations failed.

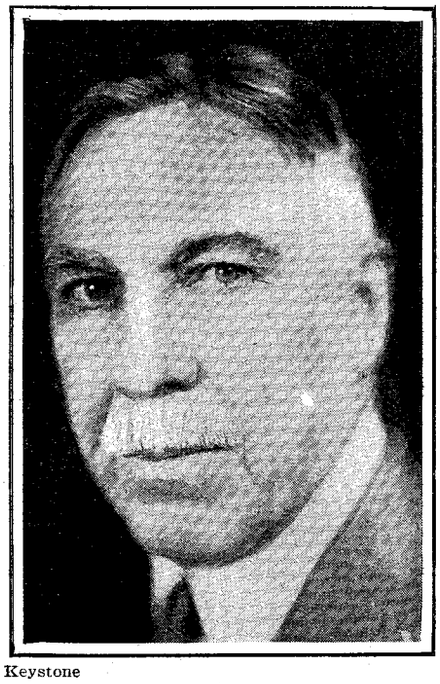
On the Firing Line

THE leaders themselves, however, were in little mood for compromise. Men on both sides said exactly the same thing to me, and I suppose to their followers. "It's just a question of who can stick longest. If we hold together long enough, that gang will finally see that it can't possibly win, and then—." The prophecies varied, naturally, and none of them have come true. Thus the leaders set out to wear down the delegates and each other; actually they wore themselves out as well, and before the end of the week they had lost all calmness or judgment. Most of them knew that the chance of party victory was dwindling with every hour that passed, but none would compromise to save it.

The line-up between the factions was almost exactly along the lines of the vote on the Klan plank, and with few exceptions strictly sectional. One feature of this is important: the Smith votes almost all come from States which hardly ever go Democratic in a National election. New York itself has done so only twice since the Civil War in a Presidential race—it was stolen once for Cleveland. Pennsylvania has no Democratic hopes, New Jersey and Illinois almost none, Ohio few, and the Northwest very few indeed. There is small chance of carrying Massachusetts against Coolidge. So the Smith forces are in the curious position of trying to force upon the States which must provide the Democratic votes in the electoral college a candidate whom those States hate. This explains why there has been no talk of a Smith bolt; there is nowhere for the Smith forces to go, and no hope of their accomplishing anything alone.

On the other hand, the McAdoo crowd has been quite ready to bolt. Some of them have been figuring the possibility of winning the election without help from the Smith States. They could not do this, but thought they might if they could get Ohio and the Northwest. There was even some talk of throwing the Smith forces out of the Convention! The McAdoo people know they are the ones who must deliver a victory, and they intend to get the full benefit of that victory—if any.

An incident which illustrated all the tensions, bitternesses, and stubbornness of the Convention was the race and then



Keystone

Thomas Taggart, originator of the plan for a conference between representatives of the rival Democratic candidates

the withdrawal of Senator Ralston. It was in many ways the most important and significant event of the week, and the one with the most discouraging implications, for Ralston was about the only possible man upon whom there was a chance of compromise in the Convention and for whom there was a hope of victory in the election, since some of the Old Guard Republicans whom Coolidge beat were willing to knife their own ticket in his favor. Ralston's chance is so good that even after his formal withdrawal there were still many who believed he would eventually be chosen.

Compromise was early known to be the only hope of the party. It was made clearer day by day that either Smith or McAdoo could win only by tactics which would destroy all hope of carrying the election. But a compromise was hard to arrange; the man chosen had to be acceptable without too much nausea by Klan and anti-Klan, Protestants and Catholics, drys and wets, and so forth. This really meant that he must have a fairly innocuous record, one which had been too colorless to make vigorous enemies. Also, he ought to have a pleasant personality, come from a doubtful State, and be able to make a good appearance. Ralston almost exactly filled the bill when the Convention met. Besides this, he was backed by Taggart, one of the most astute of the Democratic bosses. He was acceptable to the Klan, though not a Klansman, because of a chance remark he made which indicated some sympathy with their fight against parochial schools. Taggart's long alliance with the bosses in the Smith crowd made it seem likely that he could induce them to accept Ralston when the time for compromise came.

But it was absolutely essential that nothing should happen which would let any of the hatred and resentment which were flying around attach to Ralston. If either side turned against him, his chance was gone. Particularly it was true that the Catholics must not be turned against him, for if New York could be induced to swing to him, his nomination was certain. But the cause of offense was given—not by Taggart or Ralston. The Klansman from the Southwest, already mentioned, talked openly of going to Ralston as a compromise; the New York "World," which is fiercely supporting Smith, got hold of this and was able to pin a Klan label on the Senator. Taggart saw his fight was lost—at least for a time—and withdrew his man.

A Destructive Achievement

THOUGH there has been no nomination made, it is likely that the present week has been the really important one of the Convention. It has produced one tremendous result, and since the chance of victory has been frittered away, this result is probably the only permanently vital thing that will come from the gathering. And this result is one of tremendous damage, and even greater possibility of future damage, not only to the party but to the country.

It is of course within the bounds of hope that from the present fight there will finally come a settlement not only of the question of the relation of religion to citizenship, but of the place in politics of racial, religious, or sectional blocs. For the present, however, the Convention has resulted only in releasing prejudice and passion, in intensifying and inflaming hatreds, in tightening the lines of the various groups and solidifying them, in deepening the chasms between them—in short, it has taken a long step toward National disunity.

It has brought about a tension and opened up hatreds such as have not been seen in American politics by any man now under seventy.

It has produced—or at least revealed and completed—a bitterness which stands as a stark menace of incalculable possibilities of harm.

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La Follette Day at Cleveland

By McALISTER COLEMAN

Mr. Coleman attended the recent Cleveland Conference for Progressive Political Action as a member of the Executive Committee of the Committee of Forty-Eight. Editorial comment appears on page 420.

THE big surprise of the Conference for Progressive Political Action, which indorsed the Presidential candidacy of Robert Marion La Follette at Cleveland on July 5, was that there were no uprisings. To those of us who have been attending conferences of progressives, liberals, radicals, and political mavericks in general for many years back it seemed impossible that such a loose conglomeration of progressive groups as was gathered in the beautiful Public Hall in Cleveland could be held together for two days of speech-making and never once kick over the traces. There in one room sat, side by side, hard-boiled Socialists from the East Side of New York, individualistic farmers from the wheat-fields of the Dakotas, mildly liberal business men from Cleveland and Detroit, transportation workers from Illinois and clothing workers from Rochester, professional men from all the large cities of the East, and youngsters in knickers who had "hitch-hiked" to the Convention as representatives of the Youth Movement. Only the Communists, openly derisive in the gallery to which they had been exiled, were barred from this remarkable gathering.

It was of course the driving force of the personality of the aggressive little Senator from Wisconsin that held heterogeneous philosophies in line, that kept these erstwhile political rebels silent in their seats while from the loud-speakers on the platform boomed theories that could have been anything but palatable to many of them. It was La Follette day at Cleveland, and so well had the Senator's lieutenants laid their plans that there was no jarring note in the exercises. La Follette was indorsed with a whoop; his rejection of any third party movement at this time accepted with as good grace as the many passionate third party adherents present could muster up; La Follette's entire platform was taken over with only minor changes; and only La Follette men were put on guard in the various State organizations that will place the Senator's name on the ticket.

Appropriately enough, the Convention was run by railway men. It is the transportation group in the Committee for Progressive Political Action that dominates the councils of that organization. Formed originally to carry out the Gompers political plan of rewarding labor's friends and punishing labor's foes, the Committee gradually enlarged its scope until it became the spearhead of the progressive offensive. Encouraged by their successes in electing progressives to office in the last Congressional campaign, the leaders in the Committee adopted a programme that went farther to the left than many conservative American Federation of Labor men had dreamed of, and at a convention held in St. Louis last winter issued a call to the many progressive groups that have just met in Cleveland.

Under the capable management of the transportation workers, backed up by La Follette's personal representatives, such as Bob La Follette, Jr., Basil Manly of La Follette's People's Legislative Service in Washington, Gilbert Roe, La Follette's former law partner, and the Wisconsin stalwarts, the Cleveland Convention accomplished with comparative ease what progressives have been attempting since 1918.

"La Follette for President" was the slogan of the short-lived National Party, formed during war days. It was with the idea of nominating La Follette that the Committee of Forty-eight and the Farmer-Labor Party made their abortive attempt at amalgamation in Chicago four

(C) Underwood

Senator La Follette and his son, "Young Bob," conferring before the latter left for Cleveland to read his father's statement to the Conference for Progressive Political Action

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years ago. Always uppermost at these gatherings was the idea of nominating La Follette as head of a third party. Now by the simple device of throwing the third party plan out of the window, chopping off the "lunatic fringe," and adopting a platform that has no hint of radicalism about it, the realistic railroaders and machinists have turned the trick. The senior Senator from Wisconsin, with forty years of practical political experience behind him, is very much in the running. He is embarked on a campaign the outcome of which may have much to do with the political future of this Nation. And those of us who saw the thing done under our very eyes are still a bit bewildered. Many a delegate whose only participation in the Cleveland Convention had been the shouting of "aye" left the Public Hall with a vague feeling of unrest. Particularly the younger Socialists. What had become of the "class-conscious Workers' program," the "ownership of the tools of production by the toiling masses," and all the other hallowed dogmas, the heritage of the bearded Marx? They searched the platform which they had adopted by acclamation, and found them not. Instead there was a carefully worded document with little if any fire in it, phrased in conventional liberal verbiage. There was measured denunciation of special privilege and monopoly and the two old parties, and promise of relief to farmers and industrial workers through perfectly orthodox legislative measures. It is a strange world, my brothers.

Of course it must not be understood that the Socialists at Cleveland swallowed this liberal dose without some grimacing. Morris Hillquit, of New York, the veteran Socialist leader, had the delicate task of administering it; and, to judge from the loud cries of pain that echoed through hotel lobbies where the Socialist delegates were caucusing, Mr. Hillquit had his difficulties. Everything was done decently and behind closed doors, however. No outsider who watched the Socialists on the floor of the Convention listening with grim docility to the reading of the Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and rising dutifully when the great organ played "The Star-Spangled Banner," would imagine for one moment that all was not harmony within the Marxian ranks.

It is a further tribute to the sagacity of the La Follette leaders that, having accomplished their purpose, they were willing to grant concessions to the third party adherents. In the report of the Organization Committee promise was held out that in January next a convention of the same groups as were present in Cleveland will be held to take up the matter of forming a new progressive political party which will call to its standard all the liberal forces in the country. It is such a party that Hillquit and J. A. H. Hopkins, of the Committee of Forty-eight, and the leaders of the old Farmer-Labor Party have in mind when they urge adherence to La Follette during this campaign. If the Wisconsin Senator polls any considerable vote next fall, there will be the nucleus for a political organization functioning along the lines of the British Labor Party, which includes radicals and progressives of all shades of opinion. So it is not entirely admiration for and loyalty to La Follette that give the most level-headed among the progressives hope; it is also that vision of a separation of conservative sheep from radical goats by the forming of a new party that wins their allegiance to the Wisconsin man.

I was asked three times by my conservative friends, on the day I returned from Cleveland, how La Follette could expect to do anything independently of the support of either major party when Roosevelt with all his personal popularity had failed. It is a question, I take it, that will be asked of every La Follette supporter from now until next November.

Agreed that there can be no authoritative answer to that question, it might be well worth while to consider the factors upon which La Follette workers are counting. The strength of the progressive forces is drawn primarily from the wheat farmers of the Northwest and the industrial workers in factories, on railways, and in the mines. In Wisconsin and North Dakota, in parts of Nebraska, and in Kansas and Oklahoma there are farmer La Folletteers whose devotion to their political idol is fully as deep as was that of the Bull Mooser for the Colonel. They are silent folk, plowing lonely furrows, hid away from the eyes of professional political "observers" who all too often see as through a Pullman glass darkly. They have been waiting for years to vote for a man who, in their opinion, is neither revolutionary nor reactionary, and they think they have found him in La Follette. Rightly or wrongly, too, they believe that the failure of the Republican Administration (controlled mainly by Easterners) to do anything to help them out of their present desperate financial straits is largely responsible for the widespread agricultural bankruptcy. These men and their women folk will go bumping down rutty roads to the polls next November determined to "show that Wall Street outfit where they get off."

A hasty survey of the labor situation might indicate that the unions were in the hands of as conservative a group of leaders as labor has ever chosen. Closer examination reveals a surging unrest among the rank and file to which the leaders are paying anxious attention. While the average worker distrusts W. Z. Foster and his Communist followers, he likewise distrusts the standpat, do-nothing policy of the old-line American Federation of Labor bosses. There have been striking indications of this at every recent labor convention. Now comes La Follette with a progressive record and a platform that has about it none of the Moscow red or the union pay-roll yellow. What more likely, argue the progressive captains, than that large cross-sections of organized labor should turn to a trusted friend? What more likely than that at last the hitherto mythical "labor vote" should materialize?

Outside of farm and industrial organizations there are independent voters in unknown quantities who have never worn party labels and who usually cast a protest vote from sheer desperation. There are indications aplenty that La Follette can capture the allegiance of these voters simply because of the fact that they regard him as incorruptible and independent. There is always the chance that these may turn up in great numbers at totally unexpected places.

Delegates on their way back from Cleveland were scribbling figures and estimates in every smoking-car. Optimists were predicting a political miracle that would land La Follette in the White House. Others were claiming six to eight States for the Senator, enough to throw the election into the House. There are no pessimists in the progressive movement. They have long since joined either the Workers' Party or Tammany Hall.

Viewing the matter as cold-bloodedly as possible, one who considers progressive prospects must keep in mind these points:

1. At Cleveland, for the first time in a decade, organizations of varying political beliefs, all of them opposed to both major parties, were able to come together and agree upon a candidate and platform.

2. The third party proposal, which would have involved countless dissensions among progressives and laborites, has been definitely set aside for this campaign.

3. The chances for La Follette's carrying several of the wheat-belt States and consolidating his strength in the Northwest are more than fair.

4. There is a bare possibility that the drift towards liberalism, which is so evident to-day in England and France, may arrive in this country in time to give La Follette a vote that will surprise his supporters and opponents alike.

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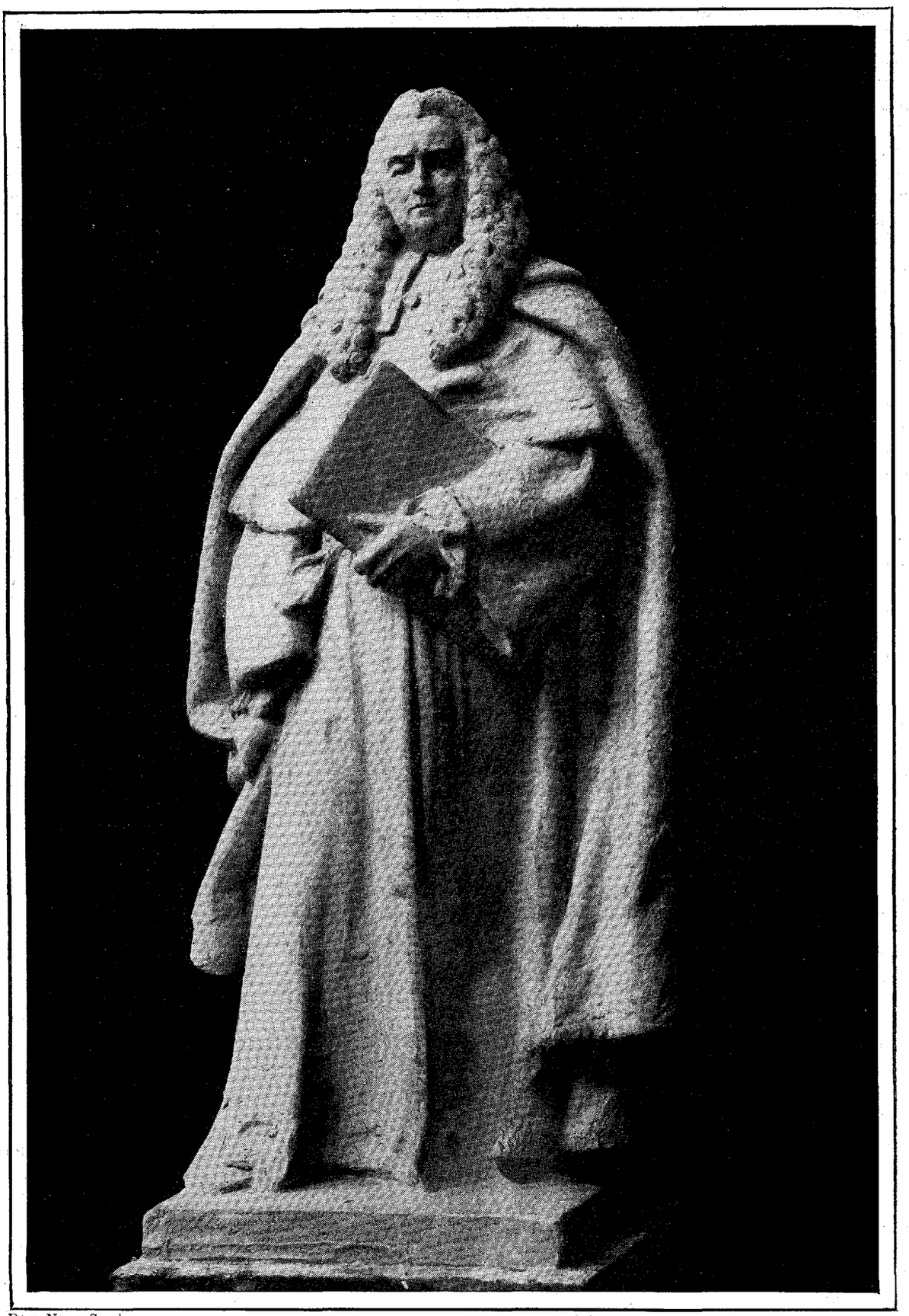
A Symbol of an Anglo-American Heritage



Dorr News Service

This new statue of Blackstone, the great English jurist, by Paul W. Bartlett, the well-known American sculptor, will be erected in London during the present month. It is a gift from the American Bar Association to the British Bar Association. Secretary Hughes and Chief Justice Taft, it is announced, plan to be present at the unveiling ceremonies

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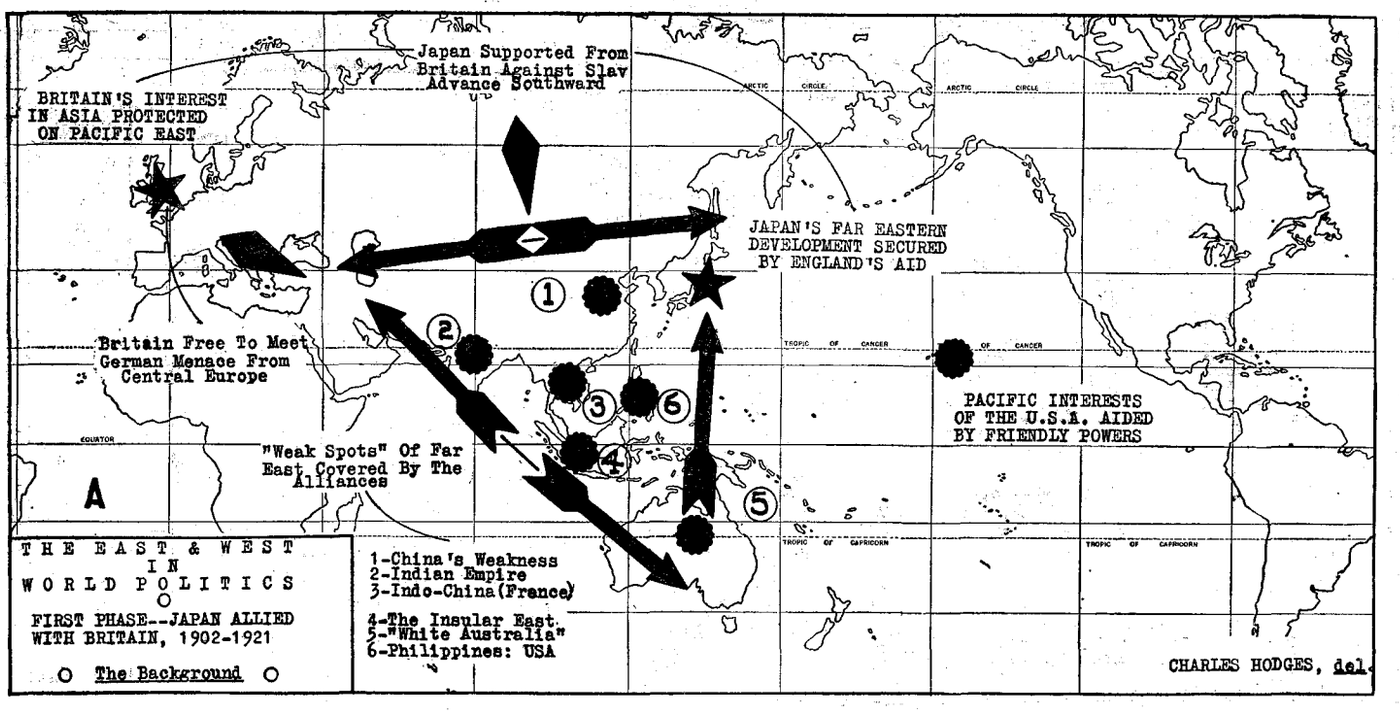

Japan Supported From Britain Against Slav Advance Southward
BRITAIN'S INTEREST IN ASIA PROTECTED ON PACIFIC EAST
JAPAN'S FAR EASTERN DEVELOPMENT SECURED BY ENGLAND'S AID
Britain Free To Meet German Menace From Central Europe
"Weak Spots" Of Far East Covered By The Alliances
PACIFIC INTERESTS OF THE U.S.A. AIDED BY FRIENDLY POWERS
A
THE EAST & WEST IN WORLD POLITICS
FIRST PHASE--JAPAN ALLIED WITH BRITAIN, 1902-1921
The Background
1-China's Weakness
2-Indian Empire
3-Indo-China (France)
4-The Insular East
5-"White Australia"
6-Philippines: USA
CHARLES HODGES, del.

The East Turns Eastward

By CHARLES HODGES

Assistant Professor of Government, New York University

A YEAR or so ago that wise man of India, Tagore, chided Japan on her acceptance of Western civilization at its face value.

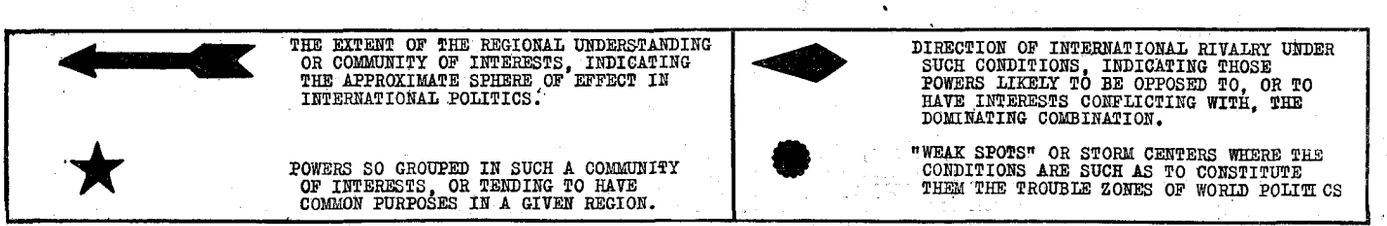
At the moment the United States with its handling of the immigration question demonstrates to the Mikado's Land that East is East and West is different when it comes to mankind in the mass, he once again reminds the Japanese people that the eternal verities for Asia lie in Asia. Visiting the Far East, he speaks of meeting "the sophisticated modern Japan, schooled in the Western school." He admits glimpses also "of political Japan and the Japan that was intent upon profit-making and augmenting political power." He, as an Asiatic, frankly characterizes this pageant of Japanese progress—"there it was, rigid, exclusive, suspicious."

To the leaders of New Japan all of this must have an ironic twist. It comes at the instant of the Japanese-American exchange of notes over exclusion. Japan's statesmen find themselves staring in the face a Western wall—a wall yesterday there too, but camouflaged by the polite hand of understanding diplomacy. However much cabinet circles may discuss an eventual alteration of this transpacific barrier, it affects to-day mightily the underlying course of world politics. It gives an eastward sweep to Pacific destiny.

The upshot of Congress asserting the "domestic" character of America's immigration problem is to bring back Japan on the East as the Asiatic Power. This is a diplomatic change of front impending which is inimical to world peace. The traditional friendship between America and the Mikado's Land, strained several times by the expansion policies of Japan since the Russo-Japanese War, cannot but be alienated by the new alignment of forces. A half-century of Japan's ambitions to be the mediator between the East and the West goes by the board. In the long run, it will be costly in an economic way to the United States because of the commercial repercussion in the Orient. The Empire of Japan, industrialized, perforce takes its place in the Oriental scheme of things as part of the Orient; "Asia for the Asiatics" becomes an inevitable business proposition as a corollary to the major race issue.

The reason for this rests on the changing basis of Asiatic interests. For the first time in history, there is an identity of problems offering the possibility of working out a combination of Japan, China, and Russia.

From the nineteenth century on America has been the test case of the Oriental. Notwithstanding any sympathies we may have had for Japan's struggle to modernize herself, China's fight for existence, or the ultimate independence of the Philippines, the possible Asiatic tide across the Pacific is the fundamental


THE EXTENT OF THE REGIONAL UNDERSTANDING OR COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS, INDICATING THE APPROXIMATE SPHERE OF EFFECT IN INTERNATIONAL POLITICS.
POWERS SO GROUPED IN SUCH A COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS, OR TENDING TO HAVE COMMON PURPOSES IN A GIVEN REGION.
DIRECTION OF INTERNATIONAL RIVALRY UNDER SUCH CONDITIONS, INDICATING THOSE POWERS LIKELY TO BE OPPOSED TO, OR TO HAVE INTERESTS CONFLICTING WITH, THE DOMINATING COMBINATION.
"WEAK SPOTS" OR STORM CENTERS WHERE THE CONDITIONS ARE SUCH AS TO CONSTITUTE THEM THE TROUBLE ZONES OF WORLD POLITICS

Key to Maps

The three maps picture the changing character of Japan's relations with the Western world and forecast her possible new alignment in world affairs to-morrow

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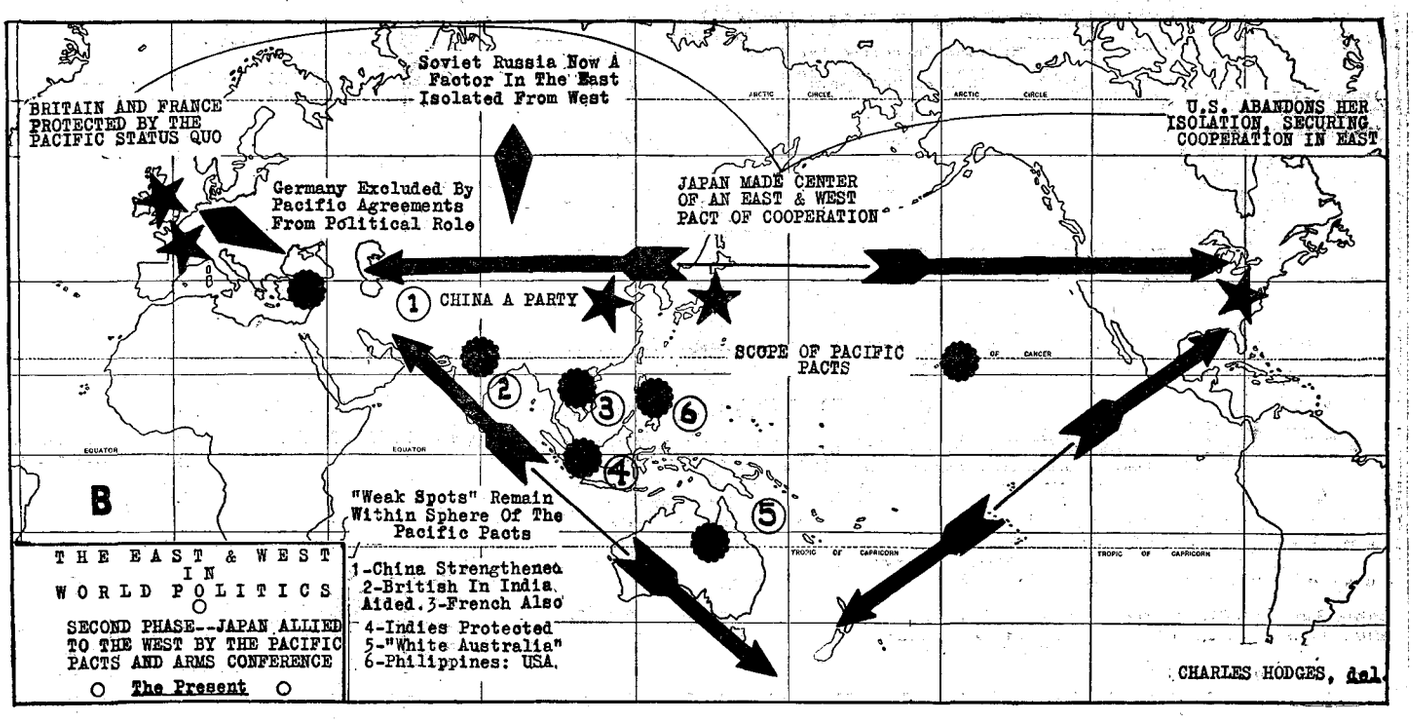
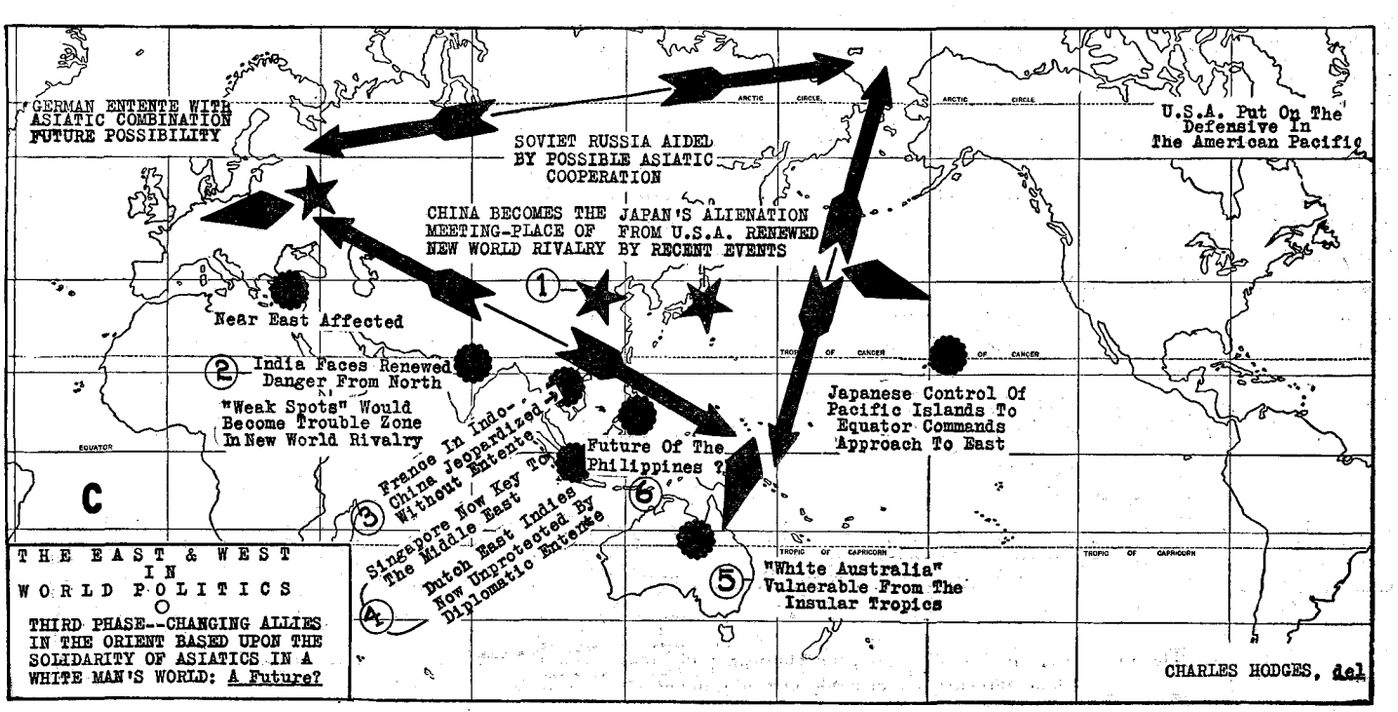

Soviet Russia Now A Factor In The East Isolated From West
BRITAIN AND FRANCE PROTECTED BY THE PACIFIC STATUS QUO
U.S. ABANDONS HER ISOLATION, SECURING COOPERATION IN EAST
Germany Excluded By Pacific Agreements From Political Role
JAPAN MADE CENTER OF AN EAST & WEST PACT OF COOPERATION
1 CHINA A PARTY
SCOPE OF PACIFIC PACTS
B
"Weak Spots" Remain Within Sphere Of The Pacific Pacts
THE EAST & WEST IN WORLD POLITICS
SECOND PHASE--JAPAN ALLIED TO THE WEST BY THE PACIFIC PACTS AND ARMS CONFERENCE
The Present
1-China Strengthened 2-British In India Aided. 3-French Also 4-Indies Protected 5-"White Australia" 6-Philippines: USA.
CHARLES HODGES, del.

thing in our Eastern outlook. It confronted the Chinese on the Pacific coast from the '50's onwards, the State habitually forcing the hand of the National Government until exclusion supplanted local discriminations. American political history repeated itself when the Japanese replaced the Chinese as a labor problem of international significance. But diplomatically the United States never allowed the Mikado's Land to open America to immigration on terms of full equality; the danger of the Burlingame Treaty of 1868, whose lofty sentiments doubtless had their appeal to Japanese statesmen with like interests, had been demonstrated. Whatever deviations subsequently developed from the letter of the treaty in the case of Japan were more than safeguarded by Washington in the course of diplomacy.

As a matter of fact, the real bond between Japan and the Western world has been largely one of international politics. The Russo-Japanese War of 1904 showed in its aftermath how thin the traditional friendship of Nippon and America had been worn; the last twenty-five years of Japan's world relations have been built about her alliances, not her sentimentalities. The sum of Japan's intimate contacts with the West was reached diplomatically in the Anglo-Japanese alliances. From the agreement to alliance of 1902 to the final abandonment of this momentous combination in 1921 on the eve of the Washington Conference it represented the outstanding bond of Japan and the white nations. Therefore the readjustment of the Arms Conference, with its train of Far Eastern agreements, was an international experiment of unusual importance. Friends of peace congratulated themselves upon the achievements of the conference table, feeling that here the scope of the understandings made for a real bridge between the East and West.

But the cloven hoof of race now appears to offset these gains. The sanguine anticipations of a Pacific settlement are once again endangered by world conditions centering in the East. Naturally, with an embittered China and an outcast Russia, herself half Asiatic, as neighbors, rebuffed Japan takes on a new Oriental outlook. Half a dozen years ago the


GERMAN ENTENTE WITH ASIATIC COMBINATION FUTURE POSSIBILITY
SOVIET RUSSIA AIDED BY POSSIBLE ASIATIC COOPERATION
U.S.A. Put On The Defensive In The American Pacific
CHINA BECOMES THE MEETING-PLACE OF NEW WORLD RIVALRY
JAPAN'S ALIENATION FROM U.S.A. RENEWED BY RECENT EVENTS
1
Near East Affected
2 India Faces Renewed Danger From North
"Weak Spots" Would Become Trouble Zone In New World Rivalry
Japanese Control Of Pacific Islands To Equator Commands Approach To East
France In Indo-China Jeopardized Without Entente
Future Of The Philippines ?
6
Singapore Now Key To The Middle East
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Dutch East Indies Now Unprotected By Diplomatic Entente
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"White Australia" Vulnerable From The Insular Tropics
C
THE EAST & WEST IN WORLD POLITICS
THIRD PHASE--CHANGING ALLIES IN THE ORIENT BASED UPON THE SOLIDARITY OF ASIATICS IN A WHITE MAN'S WORLD: A Future?
CHARLES HODGES, del.

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strong-arm policies of the Mikado's Land in China had made a breach apparently deep indeed; and the imperial adventure taking Japan into Siberia in the troubled years at the close of the Great War seemed to have left nothing but a most guarded friendship as a future possibility. Japan can find running mates to-day opening up new vistas of international relations. To the north, the revolt of Russia against the economic civilization of the Western world is being felt in every corner of Asia. As for China, the hectic years since the peace have seen an underlying skepticism of the material virtues of the white Powers coming into life, promising perhaps an intelligent resurgence of the Boxer revolt of 1900 against Western ways.

The conclusion of a diplomatic deal between Russia and China, just arranged in Peking, may well be the prelude to such a realignment of world forces. Already it has emphasized the hostility of those controlling the North China Government to the very Powers recognizing this régime—notably so in the Chinese Eastern Railway dispute. It suggests that here is a Bolshevik stalking horse to force the Western Powers to deal with Soviet Russia, or it is the beginning of a new world combination essentially Asiatic in character; Japan and Russia, over the bridge of China, may yet meet in alliance. The incongruities of both economic and governmental ideals are not vital. The diplomatic community of interests suffices.

The easiest place to turn the white man's world topsyturvy is in the Orient. New Asia knows this, and the signs of the times can be seen in the resentment of the Mikado's Land, in China recalcitrant, in Bolshevik diplomacy. Thus the trend of Japan may well be away from the Western Powers with which she has run so profitably up until now.

Strange to say, this awakening of the East begins to present a conflict in leadership that every Western statesman should ponder upon. Japan alone, while remaining in kinship with the heritage of the East, possesses the material trappings of modern power. She of all hapless Asia can express in Western terms the aspirations of Asiatic peoples to be master of their destiny. But there is another East, inarticulate in terms of dreadnoughts, air power, or industrial supremacy, as contemptuous of these things in Japan herself as in the West.

It is this East which regards Japan's drive for world power as contemptuously as it looks on the mastering European and American nations. As Tagore, spokesman of this real Asia, puts it: "I do not merely blame Japan for this. It is the same in other countries where humanity has become mechanical and dead, with that monotonous uniformity that dead things have in common. Only life has features which are not similar nor monontonous. The political and commercial Japan is not the true Japan, the living Japan."

Something of the force of these ideas can be gathered from the way in which this Indian leader has called on the Chinese. "We must fight with our faith in the moral and spiritual power of man," he said the other day to a thousand Chinese scholars in Peking. "We of the East have never reverenced generals nor lie-dealing diplomats, but spiritual leaders. Through them we shall be saved or not at all." As for the West bringing the conflict of world politics into the East, physical power crushes itself: "Machine guns and airplanes crush living men under them, and the West is sinking to its dust. We are not going to follow the West in competition, in brutality, in selfishness."

With new world politics for old in the making, this division of Eastern leadership should bring home to America the real issues that hinge, not upon things themselves, but the way in which they are done. There is room for real statesmanship on this side of the Pacific in this turning of the East upon itself for salvation—one way or another.

A Talk with the Premier of Poland

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

POLAND is celebrating a great financial accomplishment. Though demanding sacrifices, it has been loyally supported by the people. It is a monument to the genius of the present Polish Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, Wladyslaw (Ladislas) Grabski. In its American significance this would seem an appropriate name for a pothouse politician. But M. Grabski is a statesman.

I have been having an hour's talk with him at his house. He lives simply, as becomes his appearance, manner, and speech. He is of middle age and of medium height, with rather closely cropped hair and mustache. He does not seem a Slav, as we are apt to think of Slavs—that is to say, persons of rather academic, unpractical, dreamy, melancholy, pessimistic thought and demeanor. On the contrary, the Polish Premier is an optimist; he said, significantly: "Even if I were not, it would be my duty to try to be one."

Looking at you with clear, expressive eyes, M. Grabski gives you his whole attention. In any discussion he goes right to the point. He is perfectly willing to talk, and uses entire amplitude of phrase in explaining anything. Yet his language is neither redundant nor rhetorical.

The Polish Parliament has paid him the compliment of granting extraordinary powers to him, even greater than those granted by another Parliament to another Premier, M. Poincaré. The Polish Premier has not hesitated to use these powers to impose drastic and unheard-of taxation. At some expense to industrial and commercial activity, and thus at considerable remonstrance, this taxation has yielded much more than the country's hitherto supposed taxable capacity. Wonderful to relate, it actually brings the Government's budget ends together. Though many question whether the country has the earning power permanently to pay needed future taxes, M. Grabski is confident that balanced budgets will henceforth be maintained.

This is the more likely now that the Government, on its side, has reduced the list of its functionaries by some 30,000 and expects shortly to reduce the list by as many more. This move in the right direction has, however, been somewhat offset by increased expenditures, though many of them are of an investment character.

The Prime Minister's double task is thus to force Government economies down to the top limit of taxation and to force taxation up to the lowest level of Government expenditure. He must increase earning power sufficiently to permit a normal and permanent scale of

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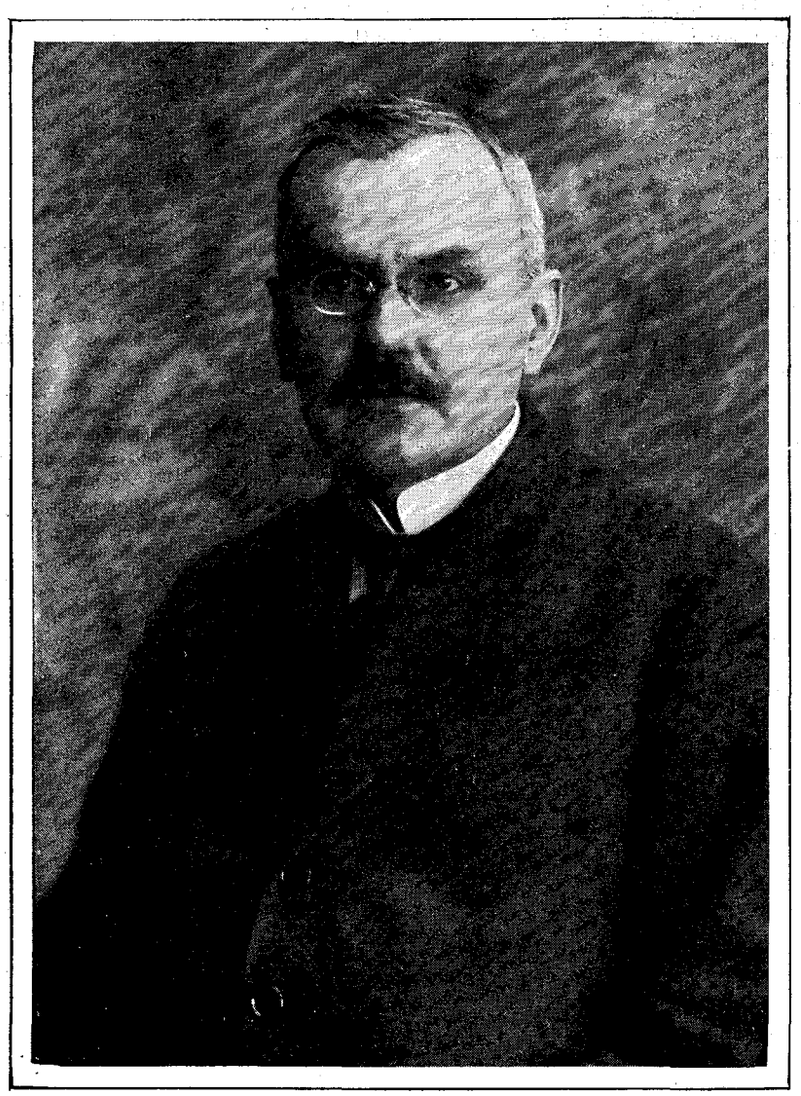

Ladislas Grabski, Premier of Poland

taxation to meet a minimum Government expenditure.

But this is not all. The Premier is rescuing Poland from the throes of deflation by placing it on a gold-value basis. He is establishing a new currency standard. This is the *zloty*, or gold franc. It equals 1,800,000 of the present depreciated Polish marks. (Some may fancy that the Polish mark followed the German with almost equal declining rapidity. Not so; it takes an army of the far more depreciated German marks to make one Polish mark.)

The decision to establish a new currency standard has been accompanied by the founding of an autonomous and independent Bank of Poland for its exclusive emission. The Bank has a capital of 100,000,000 zloty ($19,300,000). This limit was oversubscribed from private sources. There must be a thirty per cent gold reserve of the currency issued. From May 1 all State payments will be made in zloty. Thus begins a new era for Poland. No more fictitious paper. Gold!

This position will of course put the country more in line for borrowings abroad. Some $17,000,000 was recently borrowed in Italy with the Polish Government's tobacco monopoly as collateral. Yet the present Government balance-sheet, M. Grabski told me, shows a reserve of about $20,000,000. Thus public borrowing would hardly seem to have been as necessary as had been thought to finance deflation until earning power should be adequate.

Yet this does not mean that some public borrowing is undesirable. It may become even indispensable. Moreover, in view of the procession of Government changes in Poland since the Armistice, the query often put by lenders to a needy country as to what supervision they may exercise in the administration of their loans has been probably not altogether without pertinence.

Private borrowing from abroad by the Poles is just now much to the fore, as credit stringency is acute. From 3 to 6 per cent *monthly* is being paid on fair security.

There are indications of another great reform under Premier Grabski's present benevolent financial and economic dictatorship, namely, agrarian reform. Since the Armistice it has remained without consecutive development.

About half the area of Poland consists of arable land and about one-sixth of grazing land. Some seven-tenths of the Polish population is agrarian.

The total population is nearly 30,000,000. Out of the rural population of 22,000,000, twenty thousand persons own over one-third of the total arable area. There are thus far too many large proprietary holdings. By expropriating chiefly those properties unworked or little worked and dividing them among peasant owners, the Polish Government is following the French example in a policy of dividing territory into as many small parcels as possible. Even if it presents an immediate problem beset with difficulties and even dangers, this policy should ultimately prove of both economic and political benefit.

On the economic side, in parceling large estates there is need to establish integral small holdings. As to their immediate future, we must remember the peasant's present undeveloped initiative, resulting from many centuries of patriarchal conditions and feudal dependence. At first, therefore, the result may be an agricultural decline instead of an advance. Yet, because of the expected ultimate advance, industrial Poland (comprising at least half of the remaining percentage of population) supports this agrarian reform. As the entire domestic market depends mostly on land earning power, agricultural benefit helps industry also.

On the political side, benefit will come through arousing a feeling of proprietor responsibility, particularly as to tax payments. Heretofore most of the peasants have had their taxes paid for them by their overlords. Now, however, the peasants, coming to power, must assume corresponding responsibility.

Of course the political side will be accentuated by the naturally opposed demands of the peasant Socialists and of the conservative landowners, the desire of the latter being to keep things as they are. This conflict will always menace Polish internal peace unless land development shall become at once moderate and progressive. It will probably be so, in line with the equitable political balance.

We have already seen changes of Government here through merely minor shifts in political authority. If, on one hand, these changes have prevented a continuous development of policy, on the other, they have served to check the dominance of either extreme.

Long live middle-of-the-road Poland!

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Interim

By HAZEL HALL

I AM weary of your talk of sorrow.
Sorrow is a word you must not say,
Not cry to night, nor whisper to the day.
Sorrow as a word is undefined;
It is a food—taste it and on the morrow
Tell nothing of the flavor of the rind.

I am weary of the thought of sorrow.
Sorrow is a thought I must not keep,
Not hold by day nor cherish through my sleep.
Sorrow is a feeling in my hand.
Then let me lock my knuckles and to-morrow
Speak not of what I do not understand.

Let us have nothing more to say of sorrow.
Our word's concern is but a twisted leaf
Blown down the shadowed verities of grief,
Falling into the silence whence it came.
Let us await the day after to-morrow
And lightly hear Time tell us sorrow's name.

Forgiveness

By LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

THE wagon pulled slowly out of the stable-yard and down into the orchard between the rows of shadowy trees. A gate clanged. The vehicle was out on the shadowy highway and rumbling along to the market-place, six good miles away. The breaking morn held no other sounds except the beat of hoofs and the steady roll of wheels.

Mariana Dixon clicked cheerfully once or twice to her old horse. "Get up, Dolly! Get up! Don't go poking along."

It was the second week in July, and all the gusts—the little breathlike gusts of midsummer—were freighted with a hint of oncoming heat and a sense of dew-drenched, obscure, rankly growing things. They beat out of the boughs overhead and down into the pastures on either side—dim, simple pastures that swept toward a black wall in the west and a broken, pink-tinted one in the east. The sky was full of great and solemn stars.

"Is that you, Mariana?"

The wagon stopped. Back of the pale highway rose a formless mass, which presently began to resolve itself into a gray phantom of a house.

"What makes you up so early, Ellen Jane?"

"I was afraid you'd slip by. I've got something to tell you."

"Well, go on."

"Mariana."

"Well."

"He's come back."

"You mean—you mean Roger Dixon?"

"Yes."

A silence. Out there in the dark a cock crew. "I guess," said Mariana, "I guess you know Jean Field came home last week."

"Yes."

The woman in the wagon leaned out to the one in the road. "I ain't set eyes on hide or hair of him for eleven years, and I don't want to, either. You can do what you please, Ellen Jane Dixon. You're his sister; I'm his wife. I ain't going to take him back!" There was fury in the words. "Never! Never!"

"He's sick, Mariana."

"So's Jean Field."

"I guess there's no use in talking to you any more," said the woman in the road in a hushed, uncertain voice. She began to push back into the dusk.

"Ellen Jane," broke out Mariana, "Roger Dixon's staying in your house. I saw him when I came from market Tuesday." The words poured out hot, loud, vehement. "Tell him I've had to work like a horse to make both ends meet the last eleven years. Tell him there ain't anybody in the county's got a better farm than me. And every stick and stone and hoe and shovel in it's mine, and what I've worked for and sweated for while he's been running up hill and down dale and the Lord knows where. Tell him he can stay where he is if he wants to, or go back to that woman he went away with. Tell him, Ellen Jane. Tell him."

The wheels rolled on. And little by little the country near at hand began to take on shape and color; a bough was thrust out here, the corner of a roof or yard of palings there; and beyond the deserted levels, now turned a shifting, more definite gray, the rim of the east shone a solitary yet a deeper and clearer rose.

"Get up, Dolly!" cried Mariana. The fire in her had died down, and she felt cold and sore. The tang of the herbs in the wagon behind bit into her. She sat there rigid in the growing light.

"Mary Ann!" called a voice out of the half dark. "Mary Ann!" it called, but nearer and more familiarly than before. "I guess that's you ahead, ain't it!"

Mariana drove more slowly to allow the other vehicle to come alongside. "I didn't know you were following, Mis' Fox."

"Yes, I caught up." The voice, strained above the creaking of the wheels, had a little quavering hesitancy in it, like that in a grieved child's. "I don't guess you brought that pennyroyal you promised; did you, Mary Ann?"

"No; it seems to me I'm that busy I forget everything."

"I ain't got a stalk, Mary Ann, and I can't get it in my neighborhood anywheres. It's kind of run out."

"I'll try and not forget it," called Mariana. Of a sudden she drew rein sharply in the middle of the highway. The other woman did the same. "Mis' Fox," she cried, "you remember the time he went away and left me?"

There was a little pause.

"You know who I mean?" shrilled Mariana.

"Yes, I know," quavered the other.

"It was the middle of July, like this. I never see so much fruit as I had on them apple trees that year, Mis' Fox."

"I remember."

"He's come back."

"I know, Mary Ann."

"He's staying at Ellen Jane's. I just been telling her what I thought." The next moment she broke out, passionately: "And I don't know to this day what I done to make him go and leave me! I don't, Mis' Fox!"

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The other kept silent. And in that silence the cocks could be heard crowing again. The window of a Negro hovel back of the shadowy trees took on the gleam of running water.

"Mis' Fox, Jean Field's come back, too."

"I don't guess she had anything to do with Roger's going away, Mary Ann."

The other one struck in like the snap of a whip: "They both went away the same time, and now they both come back. I can't think anything different."

"No, no, Mary Ann. No, no, they didn't, they didn't."

"What makes you talk like that? You 'most make me believe you know." Mariana peered at her neighbor across the widening light.

"Well—well." There was a pause. Then Mrs. Fox went on. "I mean if it's her that's keeping you from making up to Roger, Mary Ann, why, you're all wrong. He wasn't her kind."

"Make up! Make up!" cried Mariana. "I don't know how you can talk like that. You never had *my* kind of trouble, Mis' Fox. Your man died; but that trouble's over. Mine's keeping on."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fox, in a curiously changed, tight voice. "He died." She seemed to consider the idea a moment, as though it were a new one to her. "I guess I've had as much as you to go through with, Mary Ann."

"You hadn't Jean Field."

Mrs. Fox spoke again, still in that curious tone. "You don't know what I've had, Mary Ann."

The wheels began to move down the shadowy road. All at once Mrs. Fox's sunbonnet appeared around the edge of the wagon flap: "It wasn't Jean Field, Mary Ann," she almost shrieked. "It wasn't, it wasn't, Mary Ann, it wasn't." She cracked her whip, and the vehicle sped along the highway in the long dimness beyond.

"Ain't she funny?" said Mariana to herself. "She talks as if she knows something. She always *was* funny. She *will* call me Mary Ann."

She remembered, in a hard, arithmetical fashion, the especial times in which Mrs. Fox had incurred the pitying comment of the entire countryside. When her husband lay in his last illness, she had refused the good Baptist minister admittance to his bedchamber. "Eli don't know what he's saying," she had explained. "He's light-headed." This, to the decent church-goers in the bucolic community, was an added reason for ecclesiastical ministrations, and they quoted Scripture right and left to prove their assertion. For if a man were not in his right mind was there not all the more need for a good, honest, sonorous prayer to be said over him? But could it be that there were secrets in Eli's past life—that life which to so many of them had been an apparent open thing—which he might let loose in his delirium? It was the part, then, of a faithful wife to act as Susan Fox had done. But save for the fact that Eli was a free spender, as florid, loud-talking, jovial men will be, his living had been exemplary. Again, when he died and Susan had absolutely forbidden any word to be said outside of the bare, direct ceremony, the criticisms began afresh. No sermon at the burying? The farming folk felt defrauded. But since then she had shown herself only a melancholy, pinched-looking somebody, who worked hard and said little, and held herself somewhat aloof from the old and usual affairs—the cleanings, the visitings, and the frolicking of the neighborhood.

But Eli had been dead these six years. Mrs. Fox's grief must long since have worn itself out. But sin, sin like Roger Dixon's—the name struck at Mariana like a blow. She could have cried out with the poignancy of the memories that came thronging to her. She saw herself as a girl, big-hipped and high-colored, a comely, common, free creature of the garden and wind-bound field. How proud she had been at first of that name and the mere wearing of it! Her silk wedding gown lay wrapped in tissue paper in a trunk under the low attic roof, and beside it, folded neatly, each to itself, the simple petticoats and other muslin garments, all trimmed with knitted lace of an oak-leaf pattern. She had walked two miles in the sun one summer's day to borrow that pattern. She would wear them all again, shimmering mauve and starched white, when they put her into her coffin. No! She would climb up to the attic to-morrow and pile them into a heap and set fire to them. Let them turn, as her girl's paradise had done, into a handful of ashes. And yet, some dim, fluttering thing, some pale remnant of love, of youth and the unvexed April of her years, went with her, breath by breath and throb by throb, down the dim road. And presently a sudden warmth and softness and yearning poured over her like a tide. There came to her another memory, one of an autumn fortnight when Roger had lain ill of a fever in her little chamber under the eaves. It was then that his rover's blood was quiet, his restless spirit caught in the ancient net of home. He had let her humbly serve him. "He's sick, Mariana," Ellen Jane had said a while ago. She wondered whether her sister-in-law's elderly fingers had more of the nurse in them than they had had of yore. "Sick, sick, sick," said the wheels over and over. "Sick, sick." She grew wild again. A woman's face, young, dark, and secret, floated in the half dusk before her like a star. Another remembrance took hold of her. She heard herself reading in a numb, dumb voice the letter which she had found one dripping morning on the kitchen table eleven years ago—the apple year. Roger had gone. She had hated the sound of the rain in the spouts ever since. And after that, and for long, the whole countryside had turned itself into a curious eye that watched, watched her. "Sick, sick, sick," said the wheels, but more faintly than before. The air seemed full of hissing sounds. She felt as though beaten with rods. Never would she take him back! She would rather die! She struck the mare blindly. "Get up, old girl; we're late." The words choked her.

And now voices began to call here and there across the pike. Other wagons, drawn out of other stable-yards or down the ruts of foggy lanes, passed by. And presently a procession of vehicles, separated one from the other by mist-filled spaces, moved steadily southward under a pale, secret sky, not yet clear of the long brooding of the night.

And now she was rumbling through Huntingdon—a gray, silent street, with gray, silent houses on either side. A light shown in a window, and over a high roof stood a big, austere star. It was here that the little crippled woman who fashioned her Sunday dresses and who, long ago, had made her wedding gown, lived in two rooms which fronted on a yard full of tiger-lilies. She half imagined that she saw the flame of that burning as she clattered by. They bought her eggs in the small shop she was passing now. Upon a top shelf—she knew the very spot, indeed—they kept a glass jar full of a certain red-and-white striped candy, long and crisp and flavored with spearmint. Many a penny's worth had she purchased when a little girl. For the old life went on from year's end to year's end in Huntingdon. They made no changes, and would have stared at you with round, vague eyes at the very suggestion of one. These and a hundred such idle thoughts came and went in her mind in a hard, distinct fashion, although only on the mere surface of her intellectual consciousness.

And now she slackened rein, for she was come to Southern Lane, at the end of the village, a hard piece of road, which needed careful driving, for two-thirds of it descended into what was practically a shallow gully, and dangerous in the half-twilight.

And just then a familiar odor was blown to her across the air. There was a market's worth of pennyroyal growing in that

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hollow on the opposite side of the pike. Mariana wondered why Mrs. Fox had never discovered it for herself, and put it down in her mind as another instance of her neighbor's queerness. It would take but a minute or two on her part to gather a big handful to be deposited later on Susan's stall in market. She climbed out of the wagon and made her way cautiously across the dim, broken road.

"Mis' Dixon!"

Mariana stood still. The wind flapped by; there was nothing more. She went on.

The hollow where the pennyroyal grew was a deep but open place, a few yards of savory turf, from which, looking up, Mariana caught an unexpected glimpse of sky—narrow, indeed, but with a hint of color in it, like that of a just-lighted candle in a large room. Southern Lane was a dead-white line winding under little black trees toward the inscrutable, more highly colored east; but a few feet away from the pike the orchards stopped, and there was a bare space of dark, drenched grass. Mariana pulled and pulled; her skirts, her hands, her whole self were keen with whiffs of dewy, virginal odor.

"Miss Dixon!"

Across the empty stretch of grass a lonely figure came toiling toward Mariana.

"Mis' Dixon!"

"What you want with me?" said Mariana.

"I've been waiting here 'most an hour. I thought likely you'd come along about now. I don't guess you know me, Mis' Dixon."

"You're Mis' Field."

"I'm Jean Field's mother."

"What you want with me?" asked Mariana again.

"She told me to tell you that Mr. Dixon ain't to blame for anything that happened. He never come near her."

All the hoarded passion of years leaped up in Mariana's next words.

"Who—who was it? Who was it, Mis' Field?"

The bent figure of the other shrank back under the gloom of the orchard boughs. When she spoke, so slow, so impersonal, was her voice that it was as though a ghost were speaking.

"The man who did it—if you want to know—is dead and buried. It was—Mis' Fox's husband."

Mariana opened her lips, but no sound came. She swayed back and forth, a blind, dumb thing. The odor of the pennyroyal was like a blow struck in the dark.

"Mis' Dixon." The ghost was speaking again. "She's dead, she's dead. She died last night."

The apple trees, row after row, swam away in a surging tide of mist. They swam back again, little, black, fast. The lane was bare.

"O God!" cried Mariana, "I'll take him back. I'll forgive him."

She ran across to the wagon standing by the side of the pike, and as she ran she spilled her herbs down upon the dew. Then she climbed into the vehicle and turned Dolly's head toward home. It would not take her long to reach Ellen Jane's house.

Draining the Great Lakes

By Captain Daniel Buie

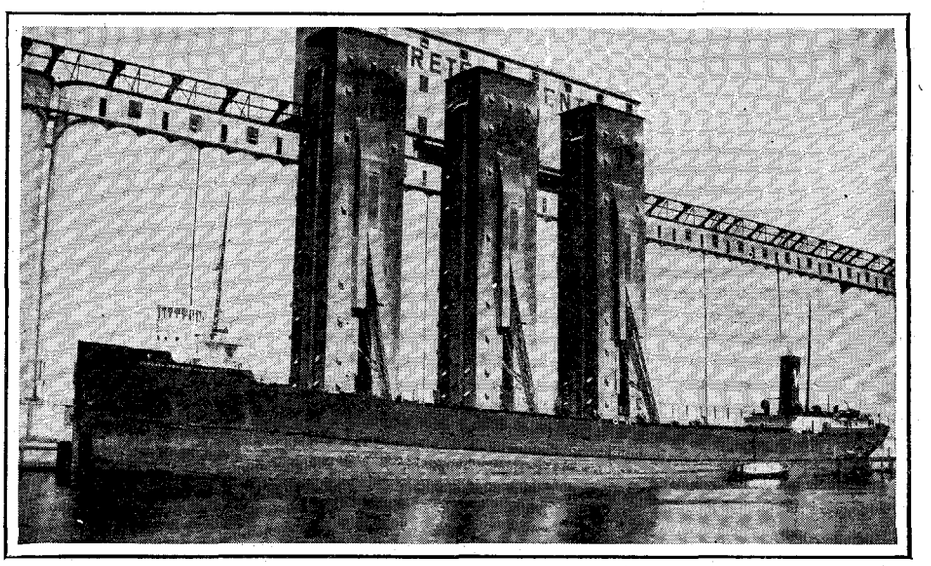
WE are draining the Great Lakes, slowly but surely emptying the greatest fresh-water transportation system on earth. This criminal misuse of one of the greatest natural resources we have is already costing us several million dollars a year, and likely will continue to cost that until the danger is generally realized and traced to its rightful sources and proper engineering steps are taken to forestall further disaster.

This sounds rather unlikely on the face of it. Aboard a vessel out of sight of land in Lake Superior or Lake Michigan it looks as if you were surrounded by all the water there is, and it seems scarcely possible that human agencies could seriously diminish the supply. But the fact remains.

When you put two spouts on a tea-kettle, the water will run out faster than when you have only one spout, and something like that has been done on the Great Lakes. We have been building the "spouts" to our fresh-water tea-kettle wider and bigger for many years, and now we are losing the precious water faster than it is replaced—water that makes possible a commerce worth more than a billion dollars every season.

Figures officially gathered and issued by the Hydrographic Office give an idea, not very vivid but nevertheless authentic, of what is happening. The level of Lake Superior, these figures show, has not declined noticeably in the last forty years, and for good reason; but Lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie are several inches lower now, on the average, and there are good reasons for that too.

I am a sailor, and not an engineering expert, but I can probably tell as can few others still in service on the Great Lakes what has been happening and why it happened, for my service has been far longer than most, and this is a question where common sense and first-hand observation over a considerable period are chiefly necessary to establish the facts. I began my lake steamboating in 1866, became master of deep-draught freight-carrying steamers in 1874, and for forty-eight full seasons served as master with-



Steamship Captain Thomas Wilson unloading grain at Buffalo

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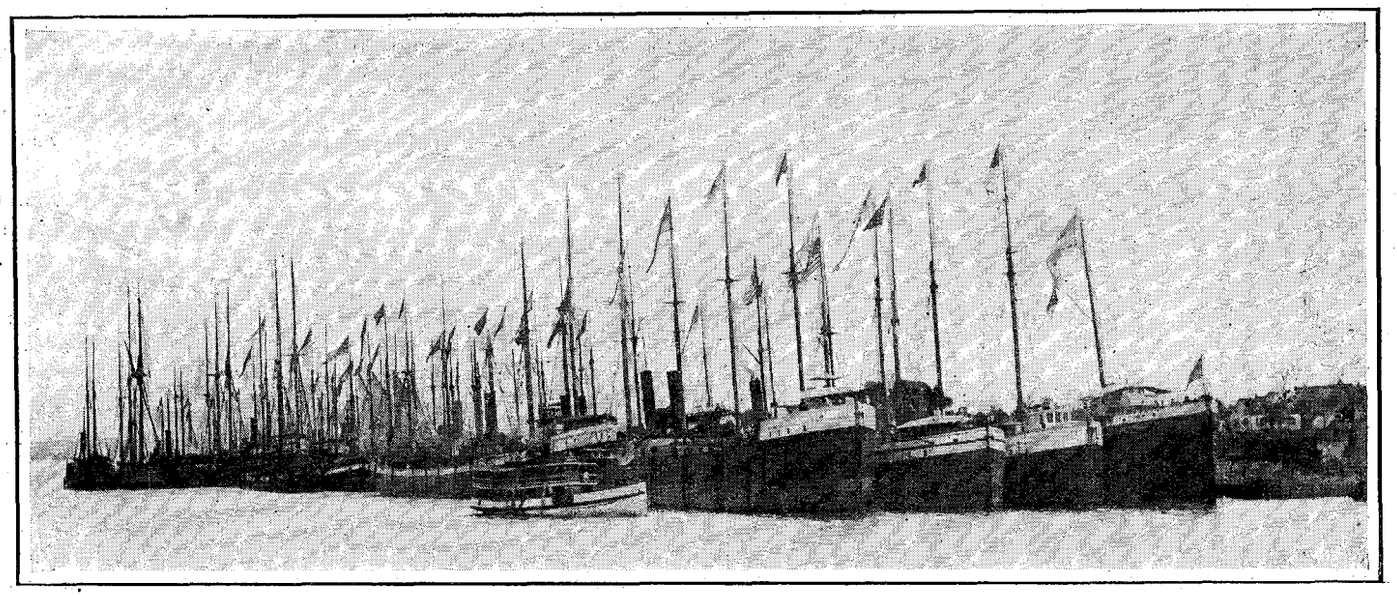

A reminiscence of the days that are no more on the Lakes—wooden lake freighters of the period 1880–1900 lying below the locks at Sault Ste. Marie waiting for their turn in the locks. These boats had an average carrying capacity of about 2,000 tons. They have nearly all passed out of existence. If they were afloat to-day and looking for business, they could not earn their salt. They have been supplanted by the present steel carriers, whose capacity ranges from 5,000 to 15,000 tons

out loss of a day's pay. Of necessity, in order to hold my job I had to give particular attention to water levels.

The present emergency was in the making a long way back. In 1866 the deepest draught to which boats trading to Lake Superior could load was about eleven feet, this low draught being due to the sand-bars, reefs, and shoals with which the St. Mary's River from Lake Superior to Lake Huron abounded at that time. Six hundred tons was considered a very large cargo, and at least a day was required for loading.

By way of contrast, not long ago the modern freighter D. G. Kerr (Captain McElroy, master), built to draw twenty-one feet or more, loaded 15,000 tons in sixteen minutes. That was a record, and it was done as a test, everything being in readiness beforehand; but with modern dock equipment the average time for taking on a cargo of that size, even when you have to shift along the ore dock to pick it up, is not above three hours. It is recognized that an idle vessel lying in port earns no money for her owners, and this is equally true of one that sails with less than a load aboard.

Modern vessels and equipment effect tremendous economies, but they exact a penalty; this lowering of mean lake levels that has begun to make itself unpleasantly noticed the last couple of years is part of the cost. Many are affected. Hydroelectric-power interests at Niagara Falls and on down the river St. Lawrence, vessel-owners on the Great Lakes, shippers employing any lake port in Canada or the United States, and the people of Chicago, who are threatened with a rampage of disease if there is any incautious tampering with their present system of sewage disposal—all these and more are concerned.

Several factors contributed, but much the greatest was the improving, so called, of navigable channels from Lake Huron to Lake Erie. The conformation of the lakes must be understood. Superior is the largest and highest, lying about twenty feet above Lakes Michigan and Huron. These two are connected by the deep Strait of Mackinac, in which there is no fall, so the elevation of both is the same. Lake Erie, which is small and shallow compared with the others, is eight feet lower than Huron, the drop being accomplished in the River St. Clair and the Detroit River. Lake Ontario is, of course, much lower than any of the others, but it does not figure heavily in Great Lakes shipping.

Now, as the grain, coal, and iron-ore trade developed to considerable proportions, and the cargo steamer drawing eleven feet was replaced by steamers drawing twenty-one feet or more, the channels had to be dug deeper. Where Lake Huron enters the River St. Clair, and where before improvement there were about twelve feet of water, there is now a navigable channel over 1,800 feet wide which before lake levels began to drop was twenty-one to twenty-two feet deep. The river receives from Lake Huron about 250,000 cubic feet of water per second. Is it any wonder that the level of lakes even as big as Huron and Michigan is falling, seeing that they are now drained by a river about as wide as ever and almost twice as deep?

In the late seventies the steamer I was master of was engaged in towing lumber barges. I frequently had eight barges in tow, and could make six or seven miles an hour on the open lakes with no current against me; but in the "rapids" at the mouth of the River St. Clair, against a current of about five miles an hour, we barely knew we were moving, and sometimes barely did move. The channel there was only about 800 feet wide, and many a time I would get two objects on shore in a line and watch closely for some little while before I could tell whether we were moving forward or standing still, or maybe being pushed down-stream. Often I wondered if, after all, I would have to get a tug. But I never did; I always pulled the barges up the rapids and out to Lake Huron without assistance. But nowadays, against the increased current due to channel improvements, this would be impossible.

At the Soo, where Lake Superior connects with Lake Huron, they also improved the channels, and built new locks so that vessels navigating the River St. Clair could also navigate the St. Mary's. But here the Government has constructed compensating works designed to restrain the flow; and the result is that Lake Superior has never been seriously affected and its level is now under control.

The Chicago Drainage Canal is another spout to the Great Lakes tea-kettle, although comparatively a small one. Until January 2, 1900, the Chicago River emptied into Lake Michigan, but in that year channels cut towards the south were deep enough to allow the water to flow the other way, and since then the Chicago River has emptied into the Mississippi, and eventually into the Gulf of Mexico, taking with it some water from the Great Lakes.

Before the canal here was in operation

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Lake Michigan near Chicago was a filthy place, for it was the dumping-place for the city's sewage. We used to leave the clean blue-and-green water and sail into the filth, particularly if there was a brisk offshore breeze, long before we reached the city itself, and we would have lynched our watchman if he had failed to fill our water-tanks aboard the vessel before we came within twenty miles of Chicago. As we came closer to the city, and passed the "cribs" through which water from the lake was being drawn into the pumping stations to supply the people with drinking water, we would see a thick, muddy scum on the surface and all manner of disgusting impurities. In those days Chicago had a high typhoid death rate, whereas to-day the rate is one of the lowest for large cities. Of course nobody would think seriously of letting the filth of a city the size of Chicago be turned back into the lake.

The Chicago Drainage Canal, as I said, is a comparatively small spout. Where Lake Michigan enters the Chicago River is a gap about 350 feet wide and, roughly, 18 feet deep, and the inflow is between 5,000 and 10,000 cubic feet per second, as compared with 250,000 second-feet through the River St. Clair.

Another factor is involved in the lowering of lake levels which an old-timer is quick to recognize. Lakes Michigan and Huron border chiefly on Canada and the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, and derive much of their water from those regions. All three were once noted for what was thought to be their inexhaustible forests of timber, principally pine. But time and progress have about wiped out these forests, with the usual result of lessening the amount of rain and snow.[1]

So, as the amount of water running out of the lakes has been greatly increased, the amount coming in has been decreased. And now what are some of the effects?

In 1922 I was assigned to represent the owners in the construction of a new vessel, the James MacNaughton. She was one of the finest freight-carrying vessels on the lakes at the time she was built, being 600 feet long with a 60-foot beam, and costing over a million dollars. Bigger ones have been built since. She was made to load to a depth of twenty-four feet, but her owners figured on loading her to twenty-one and one-half feet, at which she had a capacity of 15,000 net tons. In the fall of 1923, during the second half of the navigation season, lake levels dropped so low and channels got so shallow that the authorities allowed vessels to load to a depth of only nineteen and one-half feet; this year the loading draught has been still further reduced to nineteen feet.

You can easily figure the loss in carrying capacity on the James MacNaughton. We have to put eighty tons aboard of her to drop her one full inch in the water. A difference of twenty-four inches, which is the difference between the allowed draught and the expected draught, means that we have to load her with nearly two thousand tons less than we otherwise could. She loses almost one-seventh of her carrying capacity.

There are between six and seven hundred freight-carrying vessels on the Great Lakes to-day, and, while not all are as large as the James MacNaughton, still plenty can load to twenty-one feet and more. Every one of these vessels bears its share of loss when the channels are so shallow that it is necessary to limit cargoes; and, as the shipping season on the lakes is short at best, it works a hardship on all shippers who find that the economical way to get their products to market is at least partly by water.

It means too much to the country to let a waste like this go on. Hardly anybody except those directly interested seems to realize the extraordinary amount and importance of the traffic handled on the lakes. It can be brought home by a comparison. The well-advertised Panama Canal was opened for commerce August 15, 1914, and completed nine years of business on August 14, 1923. During those nine years 84,284,474 tons of cargo passed through. That is a lot. But compare it with the freight tonnage for *one* year at Sault Ste. Marie, which is open only a part of each year, while the Panama Canal is open the year round.

There passed through the Soo in the 1916 season 91,888,219 tons of freight—that is, 7,000,000 tons more than passed at Panama in *nine* years. The year 1921 was the worst in a decade for lake freight, but even that season the cargoes at the Soo amounted to 48,259,254 tons. The value of this freight runs into hundreds of millions every year. In 1920 it was worth $1,119,774,214.

This furnishes some idea of the size of the lake freight traffic, but it is not the complete picture. Only the freight bound to or from Lake Superior ports passes through the Soo. Add the freight that runs between Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, and other points, including Canadian ports, and you begin to get a true idea of the enormous traffic these lakes support during the half-year or so they are open to navigation.

Once, aboard the vessel that took me first to Lake Superior (that was in 1866), our captain did not know the upper lake, and had Dan Boyd aboard for sailing master. I was the watchman, and my principal job was to keep the lights trimmed. It was night; we were off Eagle River, and bound for the port of Superior—there was no Duluth in those days—and nobody was about except Dan Boyd, the wheelsman, and myself.

"Dan," said Boyd to me, "I'm going to bed; I'm sick. You don't need to bother about any lights except the one in the pilot-house. Keep that burning and see that the wheelsman doesn't fall asleep. That's all you need to do. It will be all right. We won't meet anything to-night. There's only one vessel in this part of the lake, and she's at Ontonagon."

Only one vessel in that part of the lake, and Dan Boyd knew where she was! Nowadays in the height of the season it is rare for a vessel on any of the lakes to be out of sight or sound of another vessel for more than a few minutes.

Engineers affirm that lake levels can be maintained by proper river dams, and this has already been done for Lake Superior with the contrivance across the St. Mary's River. The cost of constructing these retarders, or compensating works, as they are called, is not prohibitive; in fact, the Sanitary District of Chicago offered—foolishly, in my opinion—to pay the entire cost in order to have the privilege of continuing to take lake water for the Drainage Canal. If it is worth that to the people of a single city, think what it means to the other millions concerned. In the matter of lake shipping Chicago has to sneeze when Cleveland takes snuff. And in the matter of hydroelectric power the great projects are located at Niagara and on the St. Lawrence, and these are directly concerned with lake levels because they must have plenty of water to turn their turbines.

If we are to maintain lake navigation profitably, even at present depths, the building of these retarders, which should be an international affair, ought not to be delayed. Until they are built, or until some other good way is found to allow the passage of vessels drawing at least twenty-two feet without emptying the lakes, the problem will remain acute and get worse. We have reached that point where it is impossible to dig channels deeper fast enough to keep ahead of the fall of lake levels; the more they dig the shallower the channels become.

[1] Foresters generally consider this a demonstrated fact. In one document issued by the New York State College of Forestry ("Forestry for the Private Owner," Moon and Belyea) is this passage: "Investigations carried on by European foresters have proved that large masses of forest cover located upon mountain-tops do undoubtedly increase the amount of snow and rainfall locally. Zon believes that the amount of precipitation enjoyed by the States lying in the interior of this continent is dependent to a large degree upon the amount of forest cover situated across the track of prevailing winds."

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Autocamping—the Fastest-Growing Sport

By FRANK E. BRIMMER

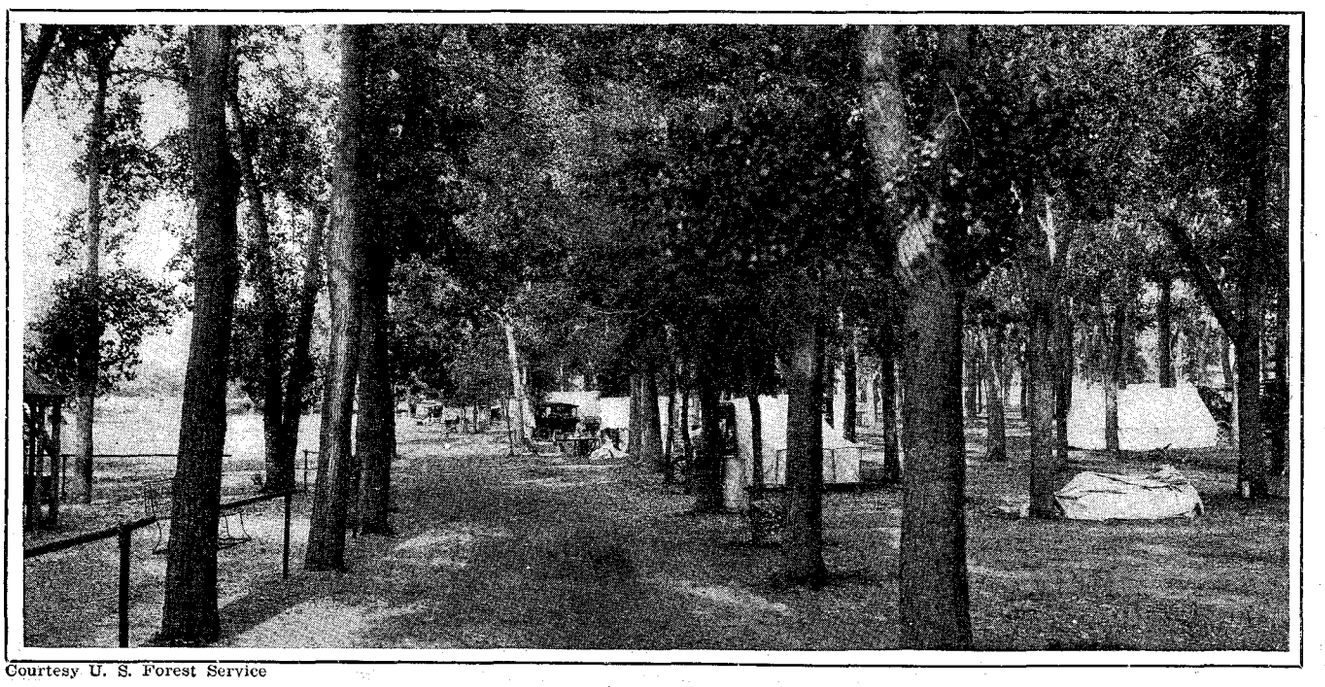
THE fastest growing outdoor sport by all odds is automobile gypsying. Twenty-one years ago the motor car was a rather unpromising, wheezy infant; and not a single automobile route penetrated the sage-brush and sand west of Nebraska, nor had motor camping—like the well-known chick—"scratched yet." But during 1903 three automobile trails were blazed across the continent, and, due to the inhospitable condition of the country west of Omaha, the first long-distance gasoline trippers carried a complete camping equipment, so that they could stop and set up housekeeping just where night or the inclination overtook them. Thus motor camping was inaugurated as a parasite, and a parasite it still remains, for vacationing with one's lares and penates carried snailwise is dependent on the sturdy backbone of some kind of motor chassis, be it truck, automobile, or trailer.

Although three independent parties of gasoline pioneers succeeded in crossing the continent in the early days of the automobile (one by way of the Sacramento River Valley to Anderson, the Pitt River, and the desert region of southeastern Oregon; another, via a trail through Nevada from Reno to Cobre, following the right of way of the Southern Pacific; and the third expedition, starting likewise from the Pacific coast, was the first to explore what has since become one of the most popular routes, the direct line across Utah to Granger, Wyoming, and the Oregon Trail to Omaha), still no bona fide transcontinental highway was opened until nine years later. This was the Yellowstone Trail, established in October, 1912. One year later the Lincoln Highway was founded. It is significant that almost as rapidly as automobile trunk lines were established the motor caravansary appeared, at first sparsely scattered along the principal sections of the routes west of the Mississippi, but to-day located in almost every city and town on the main thoroughfares, so that one may march his autotent from one end of the land to the other and spend every night under his own canvas in a municipal motor camp. In a little more than twenty years the automobile has revolutionized the average American's vacation, it has brought about a renaissance of the outdoors, and it has firmly planted a brand-new outdoor sport. Between five and ten millions motor-gypsied last year.

Just as the automobile reaches out and touches the life of Americans in every walk of life, so motor camping has spread out its fingers and embraces every class. Judging from telegrams and letters received as a result of weekly motor-camping talks broadcast from WMAQ, Chicago, as well as an exceedingly heavy correspondence that comes to "Outers' Recreation," it is easy to see that autocruising is no respecter of persons. It is undoubtedly true that ten years ago motor camping was just a bit "irregular" and was adopted rather from the force of circumstances than because of any widespread appreciation of its recreational value; but to-day, especially in the West, and indeed throughout the country, it is as universally omnipresent as the automobile itself. One does not have to feel "conspicuous" any longer when driving on a city boulevard with an outfit-gorged car; indeed, at least three well-known automobile manufacturers are building special sport models for the convenience of the gasoline vagabond, who only needs to fold down the back of the front seat to make his sedan his bedchamber, while the kitchenette is waiting on the running-board or luggage-carrier in the rear. Besides special automobiles there are various standard camping cars with complete home conveniences built upon a truck or automobile chassis, as well as a dozen different types of excellent camping trailers with complete accommodations for four or five persons craftily built upon two pneumatically shod wheels that will follow your car anywhere as obediently as Mary's little lamb.

One of the most interesting developments of the last decade has been the invention of various accessories for the motor gypsy. Perhaps one of the most typical is the pressure-feed portable gasoline stove, of which there are a dozen different styles, burning the same fuel as the automobile—a parasite of the gasoline tank. A single manufacturer of this type of stove sold over 150,000 of his merry little camp ranges last year.

Another commodity that motor camp-



Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

A very well kept camp ground, near Denver, Colorado

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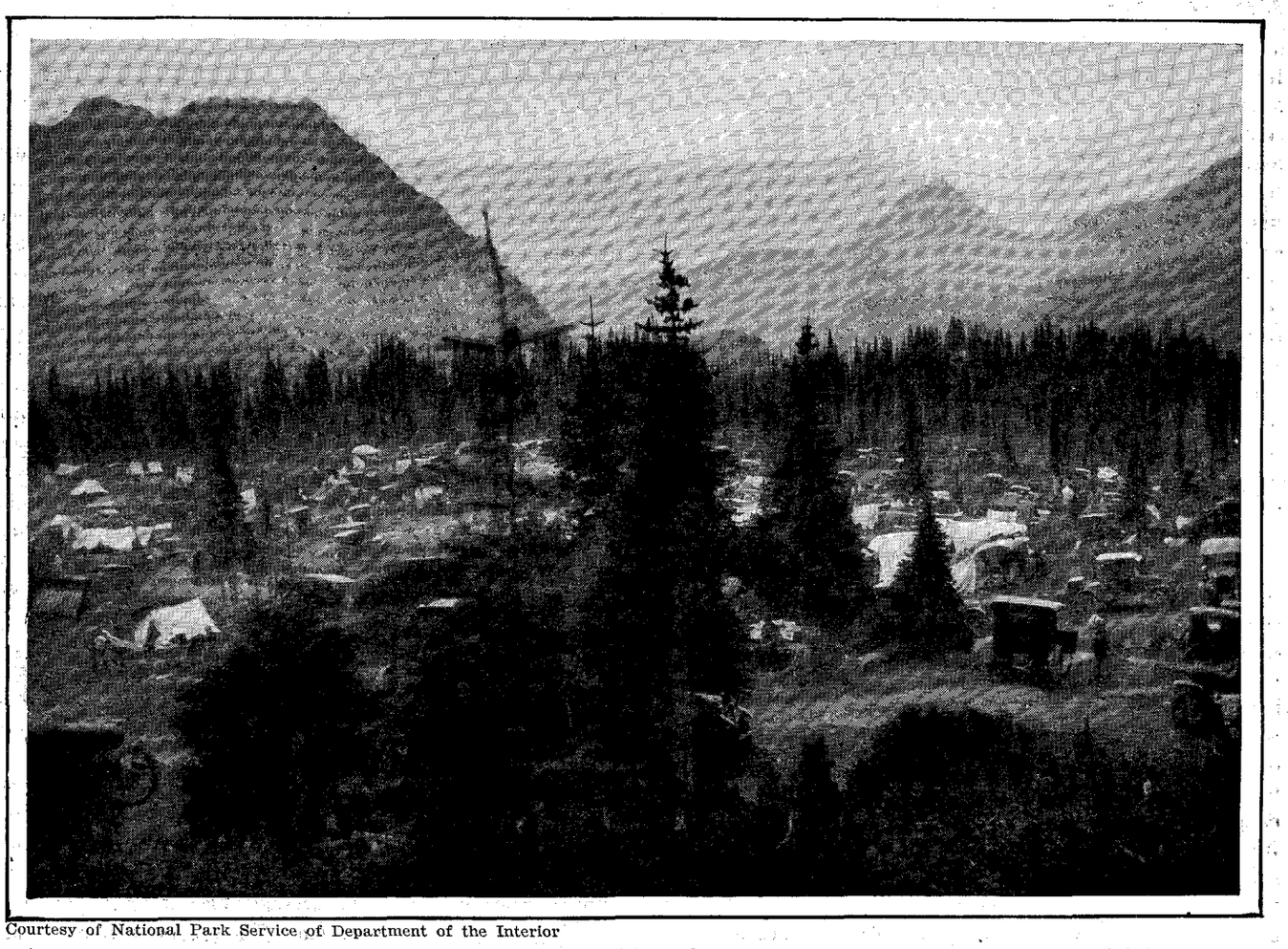

Courtesy of National Park Service of Department of the Interior

A glimpse of the public camp grounds in Paradise Valley, in Mount Rainier National Park—Eagle Peak in the left foreground

ing has sired is the autotent, and this article is made in more than a score of excellent styles by probably twice that number of huge concerns. Recently a well-known fishing-tackle manufacturer told us that the motor tents he originated two or three years ago had raced past his fishing-tackle business of many years' standing; two other canvas and awning concerns, one in New York and the other in Chicago, recently said that they were pushing into the background their circus tops, ships' sails, and other lines for the tremendous demand for autotents. A manager of one of the country's largest and best-known sporting goods houses told me that his customers were no longer hunters and fishermen *first* and campers *second;* indeed, according to this man, who has spent a lifetime in the trade, motor campers represent the great bulk of sportsmen, and after they have selected their outing outfits they then turn to the fishing tackle and firearms departments. This is not surprising when one remembers that there is no "closed season" on motor camping nor do "no trespass" signs worry the gas nomad. Of all autotents appearing in the last ten years, some flourishing for a season and then wilting, others evolving through a half-dozen models before the final stage of perfection was reached—resembling in this respect the automobile itself—the so-called "umbrella" tent is perhaps most striking of all. When it first appeared, built by a Western tent-maker, it was not taken seriously; old style wall tents, shed tents, tepees, tent-bed combinations, and others too bizarre in shape to define were more popular; but to-day motor camping, which follows well-defined fads just like Dame Fashion herself, has set up on a pedestal the truncated pyramid style of autotent in some one of its many ramifications as the tent of tents. The umbrella tent is so named because all you need do to pitch it is to stake down the four corners and raise the center pole, the roof rising much like an umbrella and the stays holding it in place resembling its namesake. Late last year there appeared the "poleless" umbrella tent—that is, the center pole was eliminated, because it was somewhat in the way of the tenters, and in its place four light corner poles were substituted. Four poles replacing one and the result called "poleless" may seem paradoxical, which it is, unless one remembers that it is the objectionable center pole that has been taken out.

Still another motor camping accessory that one meets on every hand is the portable ice-chest, in trunk or basket form, made for carrying perishable food. Old-style camping was not popular, because few liked to go forth and play Spartan even with the chance of being able to boast about it in public later; but motor camping is just the reverse, because it enables the whole family to set forth, just as in those rosy, covered-wagon days, to housekeep the trail in all the comforts ordinarily ascribed only to a permanent domicile. One of the things that has most to do with taking the sting out of modern camping is the portable ice-basket, for with it the chef on tour may present the same variety of food, prepared in almost as great a variety of ways, as any one is accustomed to expect at a hotel. Within the recesses of the little ice-basket one carries through the sweltering sun the butter, milk, cream, fresh-cut meat, vegetables, fruit, and so on. Once on a two weeks' trip through the Catskills in the Empire State we carried safely through the heat of August the modified milk for our five-months daughter in a portable motor camper's refrigerator.

Some of the most interesting, not to say surprising, motor gypsy accessories are running-board trunks that look innocent enough, but which, on occasion, are quickly metamorphosed into spacious picnic tables with benches or chairs as well as complete sets of cooking and eating utensils; or perhaps may be transformed within the space of three minutes into a most commodious portable bunga-

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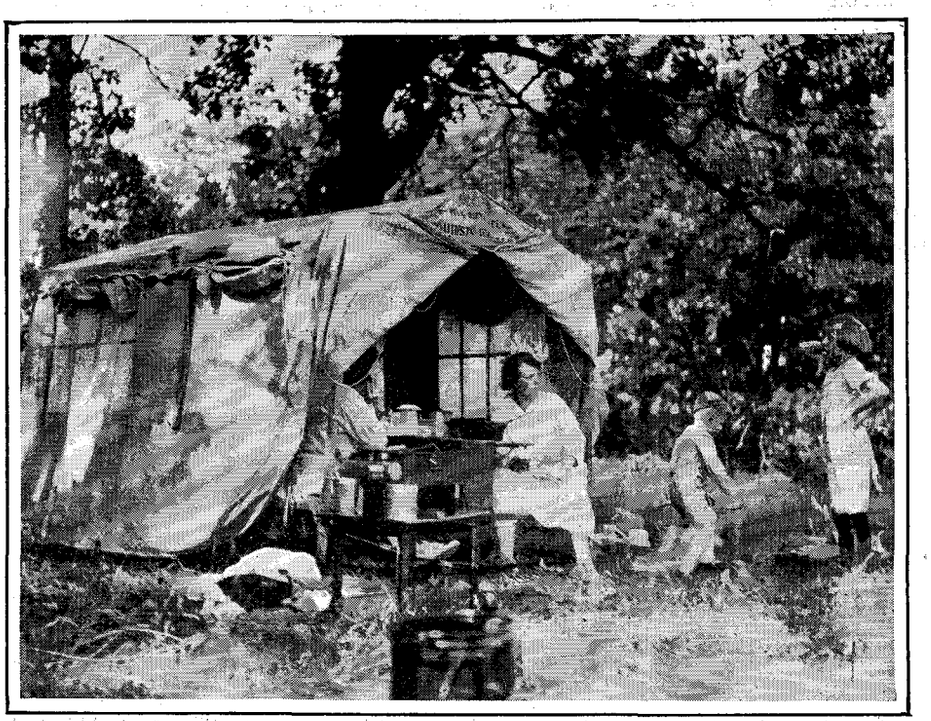
low—beds, tables, chairs, culinary outfits from fry-pans to waffle-irons, and almost anything under the sun included, not excepting parlor, bedroom, and bath. You may wonder how a complete apartment for a whole family will jackknife itself into such compact space that it will carry on your running-board, or indeed in the tonneau or on a luggage-carrier in the rear, but, thanks to a good many new patents, ingenious minds have worked it all out nicely. Some folding furniture of ancient vintage may have had all the idiosyncrasies of the well-known inventor's time-clock bed, but this is decidedly not true of dozens of modern collapsible motor camping conveniences.

Aside from many absorbing details incidental to the rapid growth of motor camping through the teething and adolescent period into a full-grown giant, there are even more interesting and far-reaching phases involved, and two of the more important are the *recreational* and *economic* side of this fastest-growing outdoor sport. Some would have us believe that the sociological view-point shows danger signs, arguing that the motor *Wanderlust* tends to untie a little too much the bonds of the hearthstone, that the public motor camp may tend to make us a communal-minded nation, that our children will be deprived of the home instinct; all of which is more ludicrous than alarming.

From the recreational standpoint, motor camping has taken hold of Americans as has no other participating sport, because it appeals to the heart of hearts in the breast of every lover of the outdoors, and, while certain limitations may keep a great many from golfing, fishing, canoeing, and the other outdoor sports, the only requisite for gasoline gypsying the forests, mountains, and beauty places of the country is an automobile. A Chicago realtor recently came to us with the statement that he had not enjoyed a vacation for three years, nor he did expect another for three more, and the vehicle he had selected to bring him the greatest good in the few weeks at his disposal was his high-power automobile used in conjunction with a complete camping trailer that he expected to take through the circuit of the National Park system, camping on Uncle Sam's real estate in some of the hundreds of public motor caravansaries in the National Forests and Parks. A business man writes from the Virgin Islands that he expects to land in New York soon and buy a very elaborate motor camping outfit with which to motor bivouac his family, including a servant, across the country to California. A woman in Maryland asks us about the right camping outfit, stating that the party includes her husband and two small children as well as a chauffeur and nurse. A Mid-Westerner, having tour-camped the West, decided, not without qualms, to motor camp the East, and six weeks along the Atlantic coast convinced him that hospitality and fraternity among motor hoboes was not confined to any neck of the woods, but, on the contrary, was universal. He returned singing a song, something of a parody, "Out Where the East Begins." But the significant thing is that motor camping is the recreation that is taking more Americans into the outdoors than any other outdoor sport.

Facts, bulldog-like, may be rather harsh things to loosen in large sizes, but just a few authentic figures will indicate the wonderful recreational value of motor camping. Last summer over 600,000 campers stopped in Overland Park, Denver; more than 300,000 visited the three hundred public camps of Minnesota; 110,000 tented on long-distance trips along the Yellowstone Trail between Plymouth Rock and Puget Sound; 22,000 enjoyed the hospitality of Uncle Sam's huge thousand-car motor camp in East Potomac Park, Washington, D. C.; of the over 8,000,000 of motorists checked in the National Forests over 1,000,000 carried camping equipment and spent their nights in the fifteen hundred camping parks maintained by the United States Forest Service; 168,000 motor campers invaded southern California, and the Sacramento Chamber of Commerce reports for northern California and the State at large another 50,000 gasoline campers; Spokane, Washington, entertained in her municipal motor camps a total of 60,000; the Custer Battlefield Highway, extending from Omaha to Glacier National Park, reported 18,000 automobile campers last year; and the American Automobile Association reported that one out of every four of its members carried a camping outfit, which, by the way, is considerably less than reports received from every other touring organization checking campers. To these figures a great many more might be added, but with grave possibility of duplication; for instance, the campers of the National Parks are not included because many of our National Forests adjoin parks, nor are several other transcontinental highway records given because of the hazard of misrepresenting facts that are very hard to pin down. The figures stated are from reliable sources and have been taken from representative sections. The story they tell is big enough.

The economic phase of the new avocation of automobile camping is something to conjure with, for overnight, so to speak, a gigantic industry has sprung up that represents a remarkable asset to the communities selling themselves to the tourists. Replying to our question as to the average value in dollars and cents of the motor camper per capita per day, the following replies are worth pondering: Denver puts the count at $10 per day and the asset of her big motor camp of one hundred and sixty acres at over $600,000 for last season; Minnesota found that the motor campers in her midst left $4 each; Washington, based on the report of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce, received $7 per day from



This complete portable tourist bungalow—comprising a wide bed, table, benches, cupboard shelf, and generous shelter—folds compactly to carry in a running-board trunk on your vacation

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motor nomads; southern California reported $3.50; northern California placed the figure at $7.50; and the American Automobile Association, through the Washington, D. C., and New York offices, found that the average motor camper spent $3 a day. The average of the above figures, multiplied by the number of days one may plan to motor camp, will serve as a rather reliable index of the cost of invading the outdoors with your autotent or camping trailer. Basing the estimate on what appear to be very conservative figures—that is, 5,000,000 motor campers on the trail but fifteen days each—the asset of straight motor camping towers up to the $400,000,000 mark annually.

The State Fair

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

This is another of Mr. Hagedorn's "American Vistas"

CARS—as far as the eye can see—cars; rows on rows; cars coming and going; cars nosing into narrow crannies in the parking space; cars timorously backing out with grinding brakes.

"There's prosperity for you!" exclaims my friend and guide, exultantly. "There's millions represented in those cars."

I fail to feel thrilled.

We slip into a sliver of space as its occupant slips out, and proceed to the Midway on foot. The space between the competing side-shows and "hot-dog" stands is crowded with a moving mass of unlovely humanity; two currents—one flowing west, one flowing east, sluggishly, amid the strident calling of barkers and the raw impertinences of the orangeade venders. Girls, over-painted, giggling; pasty-faced clerks uproariously "kidding" their partners and each other; heavy-faced women dragging children; best citizens, overdressed; incarnate cheapness, silliness, flashiness; the procession moves on past the Fat Man and the Bearded Lady, past all the ancient wheezes and monstrosities devised a thousand years ago to amaze big-eyed peasants at country fairs. These creatures are not peasants. They own automobiles; they have heard of airships; they cook, they sew, they light their rooms by electricity. They are not amazed by the worn-out trash; they are not amused; neither are they revolted or consciously bored. They pass down the Midway with the stream, "take in" a side-show or two, consume a "hot dog," drink a lemonade, eat some atrocious ice-cream, pass through the agricultural exhibit, the art exhibit, the mineral exhibit, not because they are interested, not because they are amused, but because there is a stream, and they are on it, and all life is floating on a stream, and it is inconceivable that it should be anything else. They will go home at forty miles an hour, and after supper listen to music played a thousand miles away and read the papers bringing the news from the remotest islands of the sea; yet these things will not seem to them wonderful, but of the Midway they will say that it gave them a swell time.

The stream flows on, growing more full and turgid as it approaches the entrances to the grand stand. People are coming and going, passing against each other in the narrow passageways, talking of their bets, sending strident greetings across twenty feet of jostling men and women, good-natured, well-fed, unthinking.

"Hello, Tim!" cries my guide, as a portly individual obstructs farther progress. "Shake hands with the sheriff," he says, turning to me.

I do as I am told. The sheriff has a genial face, not without power of a sort; he would be relentless with all lawbreakers if he had it in him to inconvenience a friend.

The betting floor, under the grand stand, is crowded; it abuts on the paddock, and there is a pungent suggestion of horse stables in the air which is not unpleasant. Behind a counter a dozen men busily record the bets on the machines. Vixen appears to be the favorite, hard pressed by Red Seal and Highfoot IV. Now Red Seal passes Vixen; now Emergency runs up unexpectedly and takes the lead. I find myself wondering why any one should bother about the actual race.

There are no ladies in this crowd; the sexes, it appears, may vote together, but they gamble separately. The women's "betting parlor" is smaller than the men's, but quite as crowded. It is farther from the wide opening that leads to the paddock, and is dimly lighted; it does not somehow lend weight to the doctrine of Goethe concerning the uplifting influence of the eternal feminine.

A bell rings; the race is about to begin. My guardian and friend leads me to his box. There are ten horses at the wire; another bell, they are off. It is the first horse-race I have ever seen. So this is thrilling? How interesting that this should be thrilling. I languidly watch Number Five, who carries two of my dollars on his saddle. He falls back at the first bend and does not recover. Number Nine forges ahead; there is a neck-and-neck spurt to the tape, and Number Two wins.

I am not thrilled; I face the fact squarely, I am not thrilled at all. I feel mildly guilty; a normal creature should have normal reactions; not to have those reactions implies a perverse, unsocial individualism. Out of the past I see my indignant maiden aunt emerging, chiding me hotly for admitting that at a certain ball I had not "had a good time." "How dare you say that you did not have a good time? Young men should always have a good time at a ball!"

No, I am not thrilled by the horse-race. I am a highbrow, or I am hopelessly *blasé;* but I find myself thinking of the gamble and adventure of daily living; of each morning's enthralling record of yesterday's horror and grief and magnificent struggles against odds, the outreaching of the mind, the upreaching of the spirit, the delving, the fighting against darkness, the intellectual fencing matches with masks removed and rapiers pointed to draw blood; the searching under the sea and over the clouds; the unostentatious uncovering of secrets jealously held since time began by stars ten million miles away.

Perhaps horse-races were exciting in the stage-coach, candle, whale-oil age. No doubt, no doubt.

There is a low whirring in the distance, and in half a minute a loud whirring close overhead. An airplane circles about the field, flies south, wheels, returns, makes a nose dive, recovers, flies south again, and again returns.

All heads turn upward a minute, two minutes; but the gong recalls the watchers to the real excitement, and the aviator goes through his "circus" unregarded. In the Midway the stream flows on, and the children of the Prodigious Century float with it, caught by the strange hypnotism of banalities hallowed by time.

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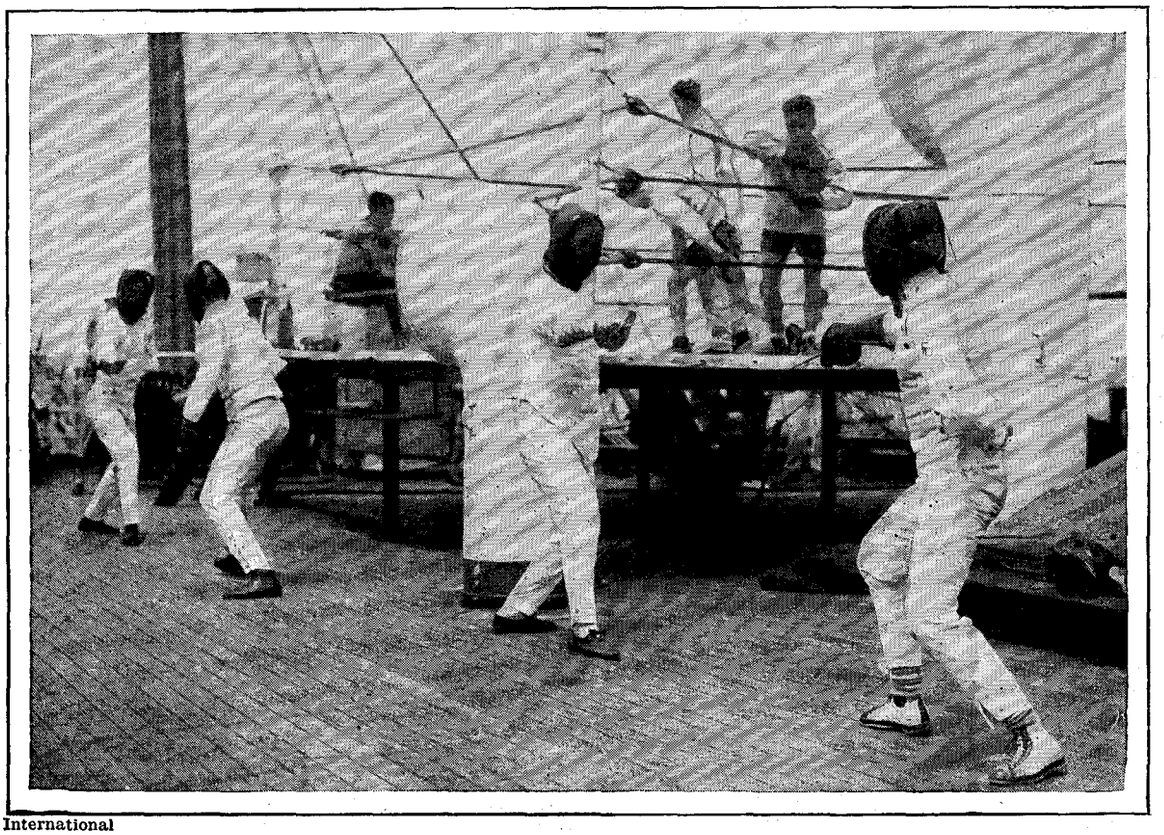
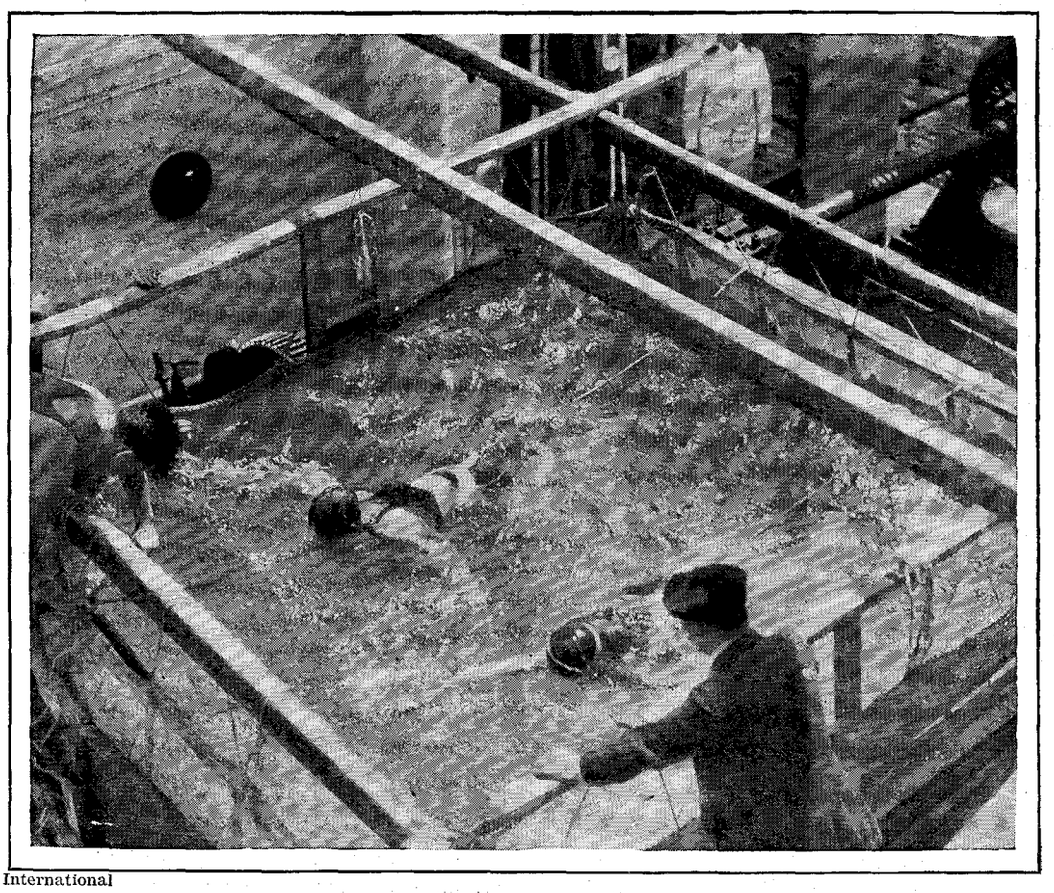
Pelagic Athletes



International

Some of the American entrants in the fencing events of the Olympic Games keeping in practice on the steamship America in fine weather when the ship was "as steady as a church"



International

American girl swimmers who will compete in the Olympic Games practicing their strokes in the tank on the America's deck in mid-ocean

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The Book Table

Many-Colored Romance

Reviews by H. W. BOYNTON

THIS anonymous chronicler of English Houses—"The House on Charles Street," "The House on Smith Square," has produced another story of uncommon quality. It's not easy to "place" "The Great House in the Park."[1] There is a mystery in it, but you can't classify it as a mystery story. For a mere mystery story doesn't bother with the careful setting and skillful characterization on which this writer lavishes such pains. These people are interesting as people, and the curious action in which they are involved absorbs us largely because it concerns *them*. Maybe this is true, after all, of the best mystery stories, from "Wuthering Heights" onward. Anyhow, the tale of Dick Monckton, of Philadelphia, who goes to England on an unknown mission and finds himself claimant to a great inheritance and a title, is the work of a literary artist of no ordinary powers. Dick, perhaps, is not much more than "our hero"—the honest youth more or less at the mercy of events. The real center of interest is Charles Ventris, "M. Charles," the famous connoisseur and collector, whose secret life is wild romance, and whose death has the touch of dramatic propriety and effectiveness which befits a man of taste. But you may read the book for the plot alone and get your full money's worth.

When a woman writes a romantic story like "Great Waters,"[2] she is usually saluted as "virile" by a certain type of newspaper reviewer, as if the biggest compliment you can pay a woman were to tell her she is like a man. Perhaps this sort of romance is really sexless. The "heart-interest" business in it is commonly perfunctory, if demonstrative. Stevenson frankly left it out of "Treasure Island." Why are his successors and imitators afraid to imitate him there? "Great Waters" includes a deal of pother about the girl "Sorrel;" but it is stage pother. Miss Hutchinson (who is the sister of the star, A. S. M. H.) is more interested in blood-letting and blood-stirring than in the shopworn business of love. How these young women do rejoice in acts of violence and the pretty color of gore! As in her former (and first) novel, "Sea Wrack," Miss Hutchinson shows a graceful knack of style, and plenty of that "virile" vigor which writers of her sex and age seem able to muster for this sort of romantic *tour de force*.

Many recent story-tellers have made "copy" out of the East, but the author of "The Key of Dreams" and "The Treasure of Ho"[3] goes deeper. He doesn't simply exploit his China for romantic purposes. He has loved China, studied China, and has come to feel the virtue in her peculiarly Oriental philosophy and in the marvel of her occult wisdom. "The Key of Dreams" laid stress on those spiritual treasures of the East of which the too-complacent West has need. "The Treasure of Ho" is frankly a romance, but also in its way emphasizes the latent strength of the Orient and the possible imminence of its reconquest of the barbarian Occident. Since the war between Russia and Japan the East has dimly realized its potential energy. And now that Europe has shown its lack of solidarity, its moral instability, "Let another Genghis Khan or Tamerlane rise again, and history will repeat itself with a vengeance."

This, though, is a tale of a quarter of a century ago: of the Empress Dowager and the Boxer Rebellion; and more specifically of the adventures after love and treasure of one John Mallerdean, Englishman of a family which has written its name upon China's past for a number of generations. Past and present are mystically linked in this narrative; and the action turns on various manifestations of occult power, in which the story-teller professes stout belief. " 'The Treasure of Ho,' " says the note at the beginning, "is historical, nor have I exaggerated its enormous value. Many of the incidents of this romance are historical also, and the so-called magical events have been seen and authenticated by travelers in the Orient for many generations past and down to the present day." A romance both brilliant and dignified, at all events.

Have you the habit of asking at your bookseller's for "something out of the ordinary," something that won't advertise itself on the first page as this or that kind of thing? And do you now and then hanker (secret lowbrow that you are) for a story that will leave a pleasant taste in the mouth, without being necessarily goody-goody or "glad"? Ask, then, for "A Perfect Day."[4] An Englishman of forty, an amiable hedonist if you like, wakes one summer morning to his perfect day. The weather is perfect, and his health, and his food, drink, and tobacco, are perfect. And the wife of his bosom, from whom he has been parted for some months, is coming back to that bosom. And she is perfect. Together in perfect happiness they finish the day he has begun with such happy anticipation. Bless us! This isn't much like middle age and marriage as the apostles of Main Street describe them!

"Fulfillment"[5] is a story by a woman about a man and four women. The man, you would say, has a rather slim chance among them all. He will be too chesty or too flabby, or too good to be true; most likely, perhaps, a kind of man-doll for all these females to deplore and make much of. Brent Appleton is really a good deal of a man. All that we happen to hear about in this narrative is the woman part of his life. Its importance is stressed and, maybe, exaggerated. He is the masculine creature who marries a neuter wife, and after some years of emotional suppression succumbs to the charms of a vampish widow. While in her toils he meets the real love of his life. If the wife should divorce him, he would still owe marriage (according to one notion of honor) to the widow. But all that is best in him demands marriage with the maid. This situation in the novel of twenty years ago would be handled with reticence and not much hope. Everybody would misunderstand everybody else, and the upshot would be a matter of chance, or destiny, unaided by the common sense of the persons involved. In Mrs. Hepburn's version the whole affair is talked over fully by all hands, the wife steps out of the way, the vamp relents, and true love comes into its own. It is all very sensibly arranged, and skillfully chronicled.

Mr. MacIntyre, writer of "White Light Nights,"[6] has arrived at something like conscious "authorship" after a long apprenticeship at newspaper and publicity work. His book belongs to that order of writing which, since Kipling, the young Anglo-Indian journalist, astonished the world with his "Plain Tales," has fairly dominated English and American fiction. The newspaper office, not the university,

[1] The Great House in the Park. By the Author of "The House on Charles Street." Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

[2] Great Waters. By Vere Hutchinson. The Century Company, New York. $2.

[3] The Treasure of Ho: A Romance. By L. Adams Beck. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

[4] A Perfect Day. By Bohun Lynch. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.

[5] Fulfillment. By Elizabeth Newport Hepburn. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

[6] White Light Nights. By O. O. MacIntyre. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $1.50.

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has cradled our most popular novelists and poets. We have been released in consequence from certain heavy conventions of decorum and restraint. Or rather, to put it less complacently, we have exchanged them for a convention of sprightliness and "punch." "White Light Nights" is a series of sketches and character studies, centering in that national pest-house and cynosure, Broadway. It is a piece of brilliant reporting. It turns adroitly the kaleidoscope of Gotham, a shifting succession of clear, bright patterns. It lights all the old places and scenes with a touch of fresh color—Broadway, Fifth Avenue, the Bowery, Union Square, Tin Pan Alley, Greenwich Village. We thought we knew all about them; Mr. MacIntyre does somehow, whether as artist or showman, give us a vivid fresh sense of them. And the best of his sketches are so good as to make us regret his frequently cavalier use of English (his lapsing into the kind of slacknesses that used to be called "solecisms"), and his occasional decline into journalistic slapstick.

Margaret Pedler is one of those woman romancers who write quite frankly for women. She knows that for one woman who is troubled by the new feminine fashions in thought and conduct (either for herself or for her daughters) there are a hundred who remain placidly content with the old formulas. They don't find any satisfaction in the vision of a world in which all women would be free from men and equal to men. Inequality is the very substance of romance as they see it. Rather one Rochester than a wilderness of Mark Sabres. "The Barbarian Lover" [1] bears its quality upon the face of the label. This is not "cave-man stuff" of the latest plebeian brand. The whole point of "barbarian" lies in the fact of contrast between the aristocratic origin and manner of the hero and his taste for unconventional life. The heroine's great battle is fought between her own higher and lower self—that is, between the self which thinks the world well lost for love and the self which shrinks from giving up the super-luxuries of civilization among which she has been bred in order to live on a comfortable farm in South Africa! The hero is supposed to have a criminal past; she doesn't believe that of him for a minute. But when he is vindicated she expects him to settle down as an ornamental member of county society; and there the real rub comes. However, as the reader comfortably foresees on the first page, all is well by the last one.

[1] The Barbarian Lover. By Margaret Pedler. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

The

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The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

MARGARET ETHEL MACDONALD: A BIOGRAPHY. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. Thomas Seltzer, New York. $2.50.

In this country we are familiar with Ramsay MacDonald as a political and social worker, as one of the sanest leaders of an advancing cause, while as a writer he has remained a comparative stranger to us. This is to be regretted, for he writes not only effectively but artistically, whenever his soul is wholly in the matter of which he writes. The explanation may lie in the fact that his books on Socialism, which until now have represented his most important contributions of this kind, have never been orthodox enough to suit either the friends or the foes of the movement as it used to be. Now he has given us a work of quite a different kind—a biography of his late wife, Margaret Ethel MacDonald—and a judgment may be formed of his style regardless of political sympathies or prejudices. The task undertaken is a most delicate one, and it seems likely that Mr. MacDonald would never have assumed it but for the direct request of the woman that brought into his life the first touch of genuine happiness. Naturally enough, a certain reserve stamps his pages from first to last, but in spite of it he has produced an impression that could

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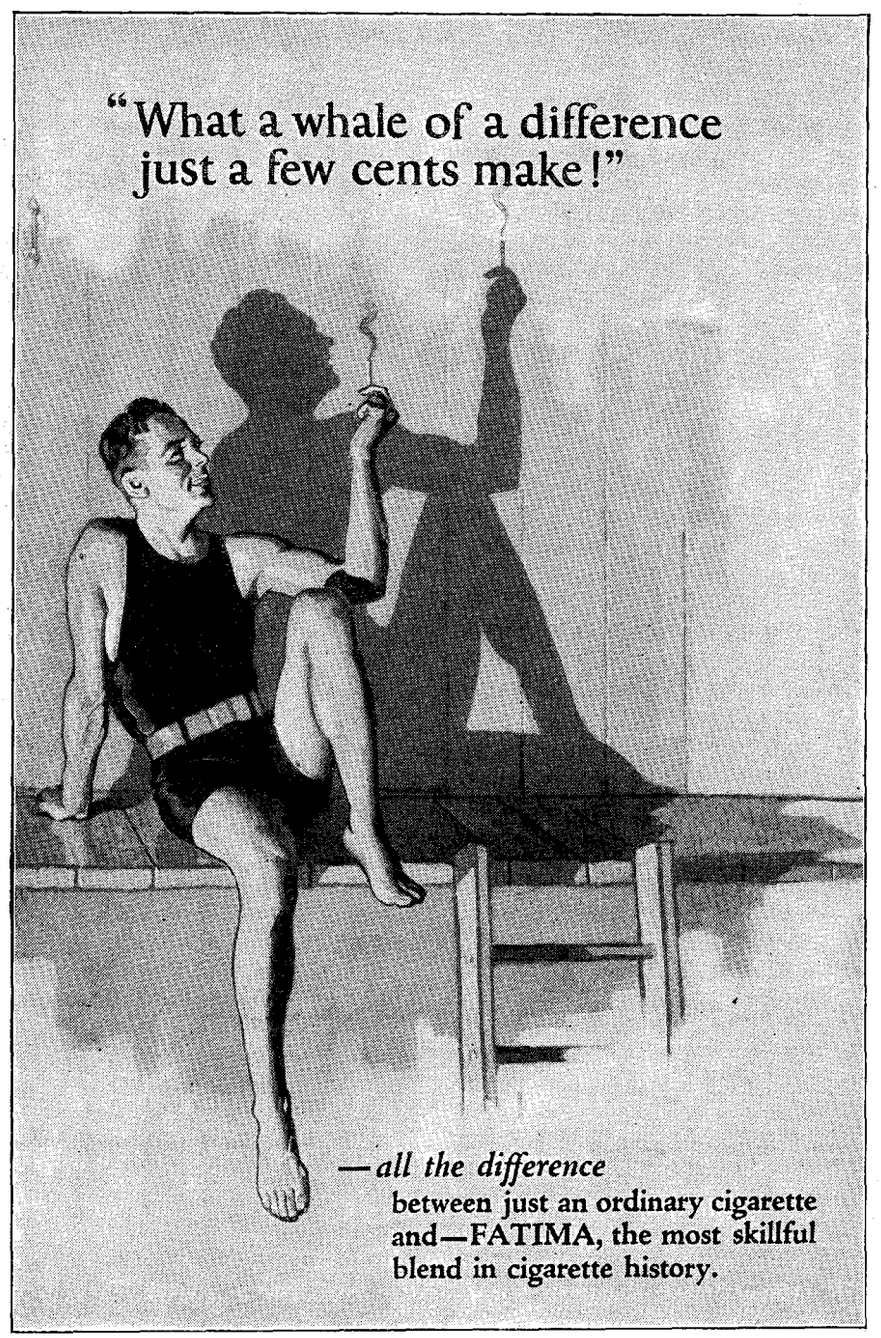
"What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!"
—all the difference between just an ordinary cigarette and—FATIMA, the most skillful blend in cigarette history.

hardly have been achieved by a more outspoken or more emotional writer. The life he pictures for us was one that combined to an unusual degree sweetness with usefulness, charm with serious-minded purpose, womanliness and motherliness with a variation and extent of activity rarely found except in men. By a record that at times seems almost dry in its sober enumeration of facts, he has managed to build up a monumental tribute to one of the finest souls that ever graced this earth. It is a book that should be read, not for the sake of what is contained in its several chapters, but for the sake of the total effect left behind in the reader's mind after its completion.

POLITICAL CAREER OF LORD BYRON (THE). By Dora Neill Raymond, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.

To adjudge a book both scholarly and artistic is to give it high praise indeed. Yet no less a verdict seems due to Dr. Raymond's work. Its title is warranted by its contents, but not representative of it. For, while the life of Byron is approached consistently from a certain point of view, the result is nevertheless a pretty exhaustive study of the poet's entire career and character. This study is charming in its vivid presentation, and instructive as well, because it brings back to our minds some facts mostly overlooked or forgotten. To us Byron has become too dominantly the psychologically interesting center of an unsavory—or, equivocally speaking, highly savory—scandal. To earlier generations he was above all the great poet, the author of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan." But when the nineteenth century still was young people used to speak of it as "the century of Byron," and this happened more frequently outside of England than within it. Those who spoke in that manner were not thinking of the poet's facility for rhyming, nor of his capacity for incisive and amusing phrasemaking. Even the romantic character of his personality was not uppermost in their minds. What they thought, first and last, was that to them he stood as a writer and a person for certain ideas and ideals closely connected with the further progress of mankind. It is of this fact that Dr. Raymond's high-spirited pages remind us. Who recalls to-day that the maiden speech of Byron in the House of Lords was made on behalf of the frame-breaking cotton-spinners of Nottingham? Who knows that he was one of the first to utter publicly a sentiment that might almost be regarded as the central thought of the social reform movement of the last forty years—the sentiment that men should never be sacrificed to machines? That such was the case means something more to us than a new light on a striking historical and literary figure. It means a better and keener realization of the close connection between the aspirations of our own day and the dreams of generations long buried. It helps to make us visualize the history of mankind as an organic unity, without a break between us and its mist-enshrouded beginnings.

SCIENCE

ATOMS AND ELECTRONS. By J. W. N. Sullivan. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

Instead of leaving the atoms and electrons to the scientists, all kinds of people are now becoming interested in them and wishing they could find out, short of a return to college, what this newest science is all about. Indications point to two branches of science which should have more to do than the others in influencing man's future, beginning with the present century. These are biology, and the science of the atom and electron. Certainly the steps in the rapid advance of electronic science will be well worth following. Many who would like to do this have no assured idea of the size of the task of catching up with the steps already made by the physicists. Within two or three years several books have appeared, each of which covers practically the whole field of elementary atomic-electronic physics. These books might be arranged in order of abstruseness from, say, one to ten—number ten being a horrible nightmare of higher physics and calculus, number one more suited to the intelligent reader who has never studied any high school physics, chemistry, and algebra. On such a scale Mr. Sullivan's excellent little book would stand at about 2, or 1½. It is suited to the reader who has once studied these elementary subjects and, like most of us,

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quite largely forgotten them. Such things as isotopes and the quantum theory, for instance, are explained very clearly and without mathematical digressions or too much detail. The reader of these 187 small pages would carry away an intelligent conception of the whole situation regarding the atom and what we know about it, without more than perhaps six total hours of careful reading.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

PORTS AND HAPPY PLACES. By Cornelia Stratton Porter. Boni and Liveright, New York. $3.

We have here a relation of the travel experiences of a mother and her young boys in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Tangier. It is disagreeable to condemn so well-intentioned and amiable a book, but it is necessary. It is too persistently amiable, too intensely autobiographic, and it runs on and on forever. No doubt there is a charm of sorts, but if so, there's a surfeit of it. When you have finished the book, you seem to have eaten a ton of cream tarts.

DRAMA

LULLABY AND OTHER PLAYS (THE). By Edward Knoblock. With an Introduction by George P. Baker. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

The three plays in this book by the well-known author of "Kismet" have all been successfully produced on the New York stage. "The Lullaby" tells the tale of a peasant girl, Madelon, who brings her illegitimate infant to Paris, and finally sinks into the mire of public prostitution at the end of a life that runs the gamut of poverty and luxury. The dominant note is pathos. Though the play shows technical mastery, one feels that it is of the manufactured variety. Implacable fate drives Madelon to the bottom of the social scale, punishing a venial sin beyond all reason. Characterization is somewhat blurred, but one more readily condones such a defect in a drama whose primary interest is in its story. Less easily forgiven is the too frequent use of coincidence.

"Marie-Odile" portrays a novice in a French convent, fervent, emotional, and abysmally ignorant of life; for she has lived immured all her sixteen years. The period is 1870. The Germans invade the district and the nuns escape, accidentally deserting the girl. The interest centers on the naïve reactions of an emotional virgin to the conquering male, represented by a young German n. c. o., whom Marie-Odile at first mistakes for St. Michael. Innocence in this case goes too far. The author is guilty of attempting dramatic effects with insufficient motivation. There is a mawkish note that leaves one cold, though implied criticism of convent rigors and deceptions can scarcely be justified from the human point of view.

"Tiger, Tiger" deals with sexual passion which burns covertly in even so cold and conventional a fish as a brilliant young bachelor M. P., Clive Couper, an æsthete, who simply can't fall in love with the charming young lady he should by all the canons marry. His clandestine inamorata, a cook, satisfies certain cravings of the soul as well. Possibly the author's purpose was to show that the attraction of crude humanity for the overbred, sensitive intellectual is nature's way of striking a balance.

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FIRST LESSONS IN GEOGRAPHY. By Philip A. Knowlton. The Macmillan Company, New York.

READING AND LIVING (Books One and Two). By Hill and Lyman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 96c. each.

SEX—FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS. By William Leland Stowell. New edition. The Macmillan Company, New York.

SIXTH READER (A)—NATURAL METHOD READERS. By Various Authors. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

SCIENCE

ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE. By Henry Pratt Fairchild. The Macmillan Company, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

BE SQUARE. By William Byron Forbush. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 88c.

BUSINESS LETTER-WRITER'S MANUAL (THE). By Charles Edgar Buck. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

BUYING A BOND. Barron's The National Financial Weekly, New York.

CHRISTIAN STUDENTS AND WORLD PROBLEMS. Report of the Ninth International Student Volunteer Convention. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, New York.

CONQUEST OF WORRY (THE). By Orison Swett Marden. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $1.75.

EAT AND GROW THIN. By Vance Thompson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25.

FREEDOM, TRUTH, AND BEAUTY. By Edward Doyle. The Manhattan and Bronx Advocate, New York.

INDEPENDENCE. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.

MAKING LETTERS TALK BUSINESS. By Sherman Perry. The American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio.

PARLIAMENTARIAN (THE). By Cora Welles Trow. The Gregg Publishing Company, New York.

PROBLEM CHILDREN (THE). By Child Guidance Clinic. Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency, New York.

SECRET OF HALLOWDEN FARM (THE). By Doris Pocock. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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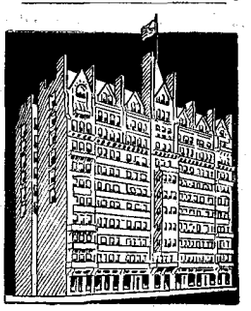

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"That's just another name for drawing-room."

"They say the moon has an influence on the tide."

"Yes, but more on the untied."

Henry Labouchère, the editor of "Truth," was well known as a wit and a satirist, but, unlike some others similarly gifted, he could relish a joke on himself. He used to offer prizes to readers of his paper, and one week a prize of one guinea was offered to the person who gave the best example of ingratitude. The following week the winning answer was given: "It is the height of ingratitude for a man who buys 'Truth' and reads it every week to speak of it habitually as 'a lying paper that I never look at.'"

From the "Kabaret," of Warsaw (where duels, at least in the newspapers, seem still to be fought):

First Duelist—"That's really a beautifully tailored suit you are wearing. I give you my word of honor that I won't harm it. Rest assured that I will aim only at your head."

Second Duelist—"I can't reciprocate and aim at yours, for then I'll break your glasses. Be so kind as to take your watch out of your vest pocket and I'll aim at your heart."

One of the most familiar tributes to a famous man, one would suppose, is that to Washington, "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Yet in the London "Sphere" we find this passage:

We have often been told that the Code Napoléon was not Napoleon's; that his victories were very frequently the victories of this or that general; that not only was he not first in war and in peace, but that he was not even "first in the hearts of his countrymen;" that he was not genuinely popular in his lifetime.

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

"They aren't going to call them pommes de terre on the menus of the Shipping Board any more."

"No?"

"No. They've decided to call a spud a spud."

From the "Fishing Gazette:"

Chemistry Professor—"Name three articles containing starch."

Student—"Two cuffs and a collar."

From the New Haven "Register:"

Mother—"If you wanted to go fishing, why didn't you come and ask me first?"

Johnny—"Because I wanted to go fishing."

From the "Virginia Reel:"

"But why do you want to marry her?" "Because I love her." "My dear fellow, that's an excuse—not a reason."

From the "Missouri Wesleyan Criterion:"

"Doesn't that mule ever kick you?"

"No, sah, he ain't yit, but he frequently kicks de place where ah recently was."

From "Harper's Magazine:"

A well-known Bishop of the Episcopal Church famous for absent-mindedness once met an old friend on the street and stopped to talk with him. When about to separate the Bishop's face suddenly assumed a puzzled expression.

"Tom," he said, "when we met was I going up or down?"

"Down," replied Tom.

The Bishop's face cleared.

"It's all right, then. I *had* been home to lunch."

With the comment, "The old ones are the best," a subscriber sends this riddle from an "Ayers' Almanac" of 1858:

Can you tell me why
A deceitful eye
Can better descry
Than you or I
Upon how many toes
A pussy-cat goes?

Answer to last week's riddle: Adamant.

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